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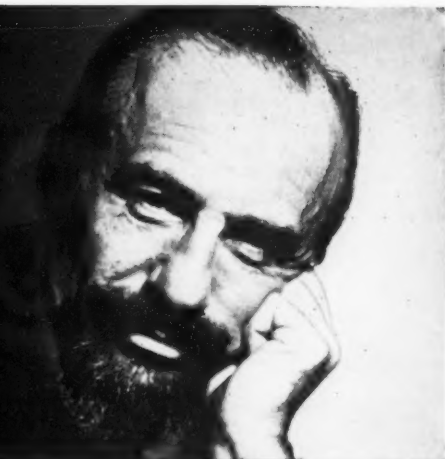
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THE EDITORIAL

THE ENDURING STRENGTH OF JAZZ

The tyranny that stalked Europe in the 1930s and '40s seems in the dim past, as does the world war that the tyranny precipitated. But the horrors of Adolf Hitler and the Nazis again came to mind as we read Eric Vogel's personal account of *Jazz in a Nazi Concentration Camp*, which begins on page 21 of this issue.

We do not usually indulge in flag-waving, but Vogel's story led us to ponder what has been said so often

that it has become a platitude: Americans frequently fail to realize how fortunate they are. We don't mean the high standard of living prevalent in this country or the luxuries that abound—these things too often are put out of the reach of certain citizens. Nor do we mean political freedom, a right not equally shared.

What we are talking about makes up but a small part of life in this country. Jazz.

In a way, jazz has always stood for freedom—the freedom to play what you want, the freedom to set aside formal rules to a certain extent, the freedom *not* to do things as they were done in the past. All this gives rise to thoughts about jazz' strength and its power over those who build their lives around it.

Vogel's story points up perhaps the strongest characteristic of jazz: despite public or official rejection, hardships, sometimes physical danger, men continue to play jazz, and others persist in listening to it. If necessary, the music goes underground.

A bad situation for jazz occurred in this country in the early years of the great depression.

With the Wall St. crash, the so-called Jazz Age ended. Whether or not the 1920s were the best years for jazz is questionable; it is undeniable, though, that many musicians could make a fair living playing jazz in those hectic years.

But with the coming of breadlines, work for jazzmen became scarce, to say the least. Prophets of doom pronounced jazz dying, and it could be expected to die any day. Of course, jazz did not die. The men who played it then would not let it. In the end, they and the music were triumphant.

Many jazzmen took day jobs in those years; to keep body and soul together was of paramount importance, of course. But at night they played wherever they could find a place. The need to create jazz was almost as strong in them as the need to eat. Few persons listened at first, but slowly the number increased.

The ubiquity of jazz today is the direct result of the efforts of those who were devoted to it, both musicians and those who just listened and loved. The years of sneaking jazz into commercial bands, of proselytizing the uninitiated, of working for short money in seedy dives in order to play jazz when it would be easier to give up and take a job that compromised musical integrity are not entirely gone, but the struggle to get jazz widely accepted is a battle nearly won.

Still, false prophets periodically announce the coming demise of jazz. They fail to realize its enduring strength and the attraction it holds for musicians, young and old. As long as there are musicians and listeners who know what it is and what pleasure and self-expression can be found in it, jazz will not die. If need be, it will be played in cellars, back rooms, joints—or concentration camps.

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VOL. 28, No. 25

Readers in 86 Countries
Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

DECEMBER 7, 1961

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ON THE COVER

This issue could be construed as an international issue of *Down Beat*. Starting on page 21 Eric Vogel writes of his experiences in a Nazi Concentration camp during World War II. This is the first part of a three-part series (the second will appear in the Dec. 21 *DB*). More international flavor is found in *Focus On Tommy Vig*, page 18. (Vig is a Hungarian-born vibraharpist.) Also in this issue, read of Jimmy Giuffre's *Search for Freedom*, not political but musical freedom.

This issue's cover is by *Down Beat*'s art director, Robert J. Billings.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Dec. 21 *Down Beat* (it goes on sale Dec. 7) is the 26th annual Readers Poll Issue. Winners of this year's awards will be announced. Reserve your copy now.

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Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Subscription rates are \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years, \$16 for three years, payable in advance. Bundle subscriptions (five or more one-year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution) are \$4.90 for each individual subscription. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; MUSIC 1962; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. DAILY.



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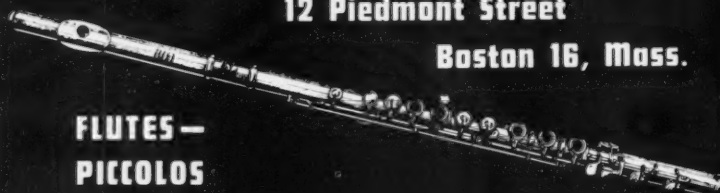
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Message from Byrd

(The following letter was received by DB contributor Barbara Gardner, who allows us to reprint it.)

My experience with the Stan Kenton Clinic at the National Band Camp has left me in complete ecstasy. I have learned more from the students and from teaching in the last couple of weeks than I had in the last two years of traveling on the road and covering the country. The camp has restored my faith in music.

I would like to speak solely from the standpoint of a human being—for once, not from the standpoint of race—because you must remember that jazz was based on European harmony and melodic concepts and didn't come from the Martians, as a good many people think. I think that contrary to the views of many people in jazz, it is time we joined with other musicians, classical and otherwise, to create music purely for the joy of creating it.

It should be remembered that bigots exist because of ignorance. This camp was interracial, both in the teaching faculty and the student body, contrary to my own previous conception. For the benefit of the bigots, let me say that I stole as many or more things (ideas) from the white musicians with whom I worked than they did from me. As proof of the pudding, there will be some new things in my future recordings—things I learned from the musicians with whom I worked, both teachers and students.

The musicians at the camp, especially the North Texas College band, had a groove completely their own, ranging from the way they said good morning right through to their way of arranging and playing. Even their gestures on the bandstand were their own. Incidentally, the two guys whose work most impressed me in the band were from Mississippi. It was nice to be in an atmosphere of learning and be around people not caught up in the commercial tide.

The students were superb; and to quote Stan Kenton, there wasn't a beard or a beatnik in the crowd. All in all it was an enormously rewarding, satisfying, and enjoyable vacation with pay. Next year, at camp time, I won't be on the active music scene. I'll be combination student-teacher at the Kenton Clinics. I highly recommend that anyone who loves music should attend, whether he's a professional or otherwise.

New York City

Donald Byrd

Fats

I have just finished reading Bill Coss' article on Fats Navarro (DB, Oct. 12), and it warmed my heart. Although Fats was not written about a lot when he was alive, it makes me feel good to see him at least get some credit for the great contribution he made to modern jazz.

He made the great sacrifice of all; he gave his whole life to it. . . . He not only

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Al Dreaces

West Side Complaint

Since lavishly conceived musicality graduated discernibly from the Ziegfeld *Follies* to *Oklahoma*, it has proved very chic and profitable to stage musical dramaturgy at infinite expense and with splendid application to musical arrangement and visual detail.

One is frequently happy, therefore, to suspend critical criteria for the moment and watch the screen, fascinated as attractive, lissome young people commit, in very rhythmic and colorful fashion, contemporary atrocities, as in the new motion picture, *West Side Story*.

It's really a considerable refinement over the period in theater art when the Romans indulged in flagellation, fornication, and general fetidness for the benefit of a responsive audience. But they, the Romans, failed to do it to engaging musical accompaniment. Today, especially, it pays to Think Big.

However, there arises, inevitably, a minority faction of spoilsports who considers it in clearly questionable taste to celebrate in studied song and dance, particularly during the fact, the current human drama of the Puerto Rican slum struggle in New York.

Some of us "Caucasians" who had the opportunity to live at one time on the fringes of that city's Spanish Harlem, remember with sufficient clarity those small, dark people with their gentle, tortured English and frequently delicate beauty.

Most of these emigres from one stinking part of an island to the stinking part of another island have been the Young Ones. They live and proliferate in a squalor that is nothing to sing about; they starve in a prosperous economy that is nothing to dance about; some are inexorably drawn into a consummate violence that is nothing to compose commercial music about.

It may be argued that *West Side Story* somehow touches on the truth. Even if true, it serves little purpose to wade heavily through the artful Americano music and blinding Technicolor to brush the tragic thread of truth only to be hurtled swiftly back into a kaleidoscope of garish color, graceful if not ethnic rhythm, slickened situation, and general expertise. We are left to marvel not at life but at the over-all excellence of the production.

As one who was stricken with paralytic polio some years ago and left with residual weakness in my leg, I hope some really enterprising production unit doesn't decide next to stage a musical about post-polio cripples; because even if it proves entertaining to the mass audience, erstwhile polio victims will know it isn't valid to celebrate in song and dance, however cleverly, the plight of a group of individuals extant who would not themselves choose to musicalize their singular human condition.

Los Angeles

Corime Tynim

George Roberts and his big "O"

George Roberts plays the big, new sound on the bass trombone. A sound that wanders and romps through ballads, rhythm tunes and novelties. The sound of happy music, real happy music, sometimes poignant, sometimes pixieish, sometimes almost chaotic . . . but always new and vital. As much as anything, this sound reflects George Roberts' striving to express his deepest self through music. In his search, George has created a sound which is part of the new horizon.

A mainstay of such Hollywood recording orchestras as Frank DeVol, David Rose and Nelson Riddle, among others, George Roberts has also toured with such outstanding band leaders as Stan Kenton and Gene Krupa.

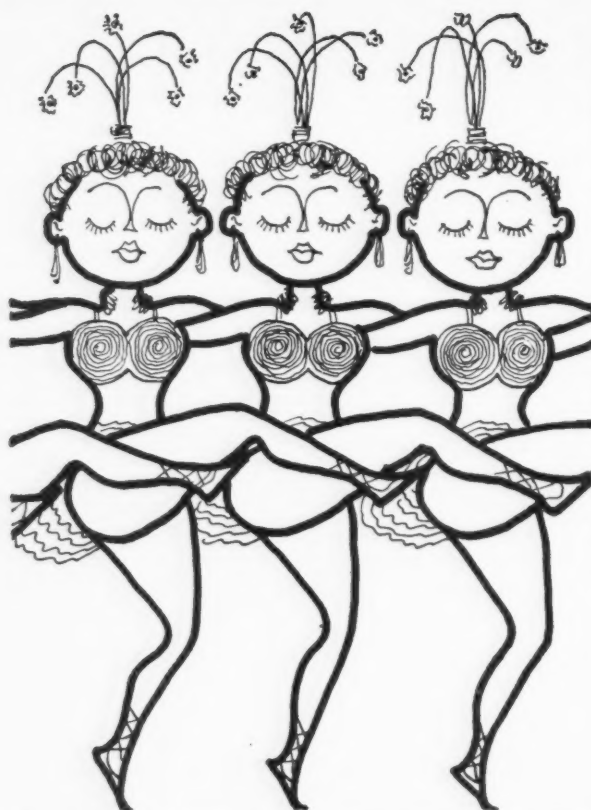
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NEW YORK

Ray Charles followed up his triumph in Memphis, Tenn., playing before that city's first integrated audience (*DB*, Oct. 12), by walking out on a contract in Augusta, Ga., when he discovered that it was segregated. There is a lawsuit brought by the promoter against Charles. (For a move designed to make such things something of the past see page 13 of this issue.)

Jazz and religion, no longer strange bedfellows, are being more and more combined. The latest collaboration was at a Lutheran vesper service in New York's Advent Church between the **Rev. John Gensel** and a group of musicians led by **Charlie Mingus**. Mingus played piano and bass; **Jimmy Knepper**, trombone and piano; **Doug Watkins**, cello and piano; **Yusef Lateef**, tenor saxophone; **Dannie Richmond**, drums. The musical moments included one composition by Mingus and a Mingus-personalized version of **Duke Ellington's** *Take the A Train*.



Mingus

Jazz and politics have combined, too. In New York's mayoralty race earlier this month, the Republicans brought a small but swinging band to a temporary stand in front of the Coliseum to entertain those waiting to attend a special dinner. In the band were **Bob Davis**, **Nick Travis**, trumpets; **Wayne Andre**, trombone; **Lou Anderson**, **Art Lang**, reeds; **Billy Bauer**, guitar; **Whitey Mitchell**, bass; **Al Rogers**, drums. **Lionel Hampton** sat in on vibraharp and drums. **Jack Haskell** and the **Honey-dreamers** provided the vocals.

Dinah Washington caused herself and others much confusion last month. For a Brooklyn club owner, Miss Washington was a bitter disappointment. She failed to appear for her opening night at his club. He informed his eager audience that she had spent four days in the hospital a week before. Then he sped to her apartment with two patrolmen and his own doctor and asked her to submit to an examination to determine just how ill she was. She refused, and, as those four were leaving, he walked four detectives with **Lois Green**, a dress designer, who claimed Miss Washington had threatened her with a gun earlier in the evening when she presented the singer with a bill for gowns. Miss Washington made an appearance that night at the W. 152nd St. police station.



Miss Washington

Two major replacements were made in the field of jazz earlier this month: **Irene Reed** for **Ocie Smith** in the **Count Basie Orchestra**; **Red Garland** for **Wynton Kelly** with **Miles Davis** . . . Basie probably will play in the West Indies this winter and will tour Europe with **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** next March . . . **Peggy Lee's** Basin Street East opening night was a black-tie, \$50-cover-charge evening. Guests were so carefully screened it was almost by invitation. The proceeds were divided among three charities she selected . . . **Si Zentner's** stay at the Roosevelt Grill marks a real departure for this New York hotel room that usually plays only the most sweet and easily rhythmized bands in the land.

Benny Goodman and his 18-piece band have been

(Continued on page 51)

down beat

December 7, 1961 / Vol. 28, No. 25

STRONG ACTION AGAINST JIM CROW

A few days before Halloween, Norman Granz brashed into New York City with some special tricks and/or treats of his own.

He set up a conference, and though dozens were called, only representatives of the *Pittsburgh Courier* and *The Amsterdam News*, John Wilson and George T. Simon (of the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* respectively), John Hammond, Neshui Ertegun, Dan Morgenstern, Herb Snitzer, Nat Shapiro, Nat Hentoff, and *Down Beat's* Bill Coss showed up.

Granz, still as soft-tweeded, strong-jawed, high-eyebrowed, and Ella-Fitzgerald-ed as he was before acquiring Swiss citizenship, harnessed havoc for some moments by calling members to order with such a clarion as "Dizzy Gillespie was responsible for what happened at Tulane [*DB*, Nov. 13, where a concert was canceled by the university when it discovered that the Gillespie group had one white member]. He should have insisted that his agent insist upon a nonsegregation clause."

For Granz the time was long overdue for jazz musicians to have such contract clauses, long overdue for them to join in the active fight against segregation, long overdue for "leaders to stand up and be counted."

"Everyone else is working for it actively," Granz said, "except for most of the jazz people. Sure, they'll play benefits for organizations like CORE [Congress of Racial Equality]. Then they'll go down South and play for segregated audiences and negate the whole thing."

The Granz-produced Jazz at the Philharmonic tours always had such a clause and always played to integrated audiences. Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson, both managed by Granz, have such contract clauses. Erroll Garner has had such a clause in his contracts for the last eight years. Actors Equity is now enforcing a similar clause.

"You can't expect the American Federation of Musicians to insist on such a thing," Granz said, "because it has segregation in its own locals."

A believer in direct and simple action, Granz proposed that musicians, their managers and agents be ap-

proached and offered copies of the clause Granz attaches to contracts signed by his artists. He would insist that everyone use it in a concerted effort to wreck segregation. In a practical sense, it was recognized that major names were more important to the movement because southern promoters would then be coerced into treating all jazz artists not separately, but equally.

A committee was formed, consisting of Hammond, Hentoff, Ertegun, and Coss. Its immediate purpose is to acquaint the major bookers of jazz talent



Granz

with Granz' antisegregation clause, which reads in part:

"Artist at his (her) option will have the right to terminate this agreement at any time prior to or during the engagement if attendance at the performance or seating at the performance will be or is refused and/or separated by reason of differences in race, color, or creed, or if any dining, drinking, or sanitation facilities at the establishment where the performance is to be rendered are in any way segregated, or if there is any indication by advertising or otherwise that there will be such discrimination.

"If artist terminates pursuant to the foregoing, artist will, of course, be relieved from appearing and artist will retain, as liquidated damages, the deposit required hereunder. . . .

"Artist shall have same option and same remedies with respect to any discrimination on the basis of race, color, or creed in relation to the furnishing of dressing, dining, and backstage

facilities and with respect to membership and seating of the members of the act."

The committee's first meeting was with Willard Alexander, whose office books such as Count Basie, and Jack Whittimore of Shaw Associates, the agency that books Miles Davis, among others. Both men were in substantial agreement; both agreed to include anti-segregation clauses in their contracts; both insisted that the Granz clause was not for them. "It is not good as it stands—laws have to be equitable," they said.

Both felt the wording was unfairly open to specious interpretation and enforcement and would, thus, not be possible to include in many contracts, or enforceable if it were.

Joe Glaser, president of Associated Booking Corp., not present at the meeting, offered a sample of the anti-segregation clause he has been using for the last several months: "It is mutually agreed and understood between all parties concerned, that the artist or artists have the prerogative of canceling this contract if, in any instance, an audience is segregated because of race or color."

Alexander and Whittimore, after reading both clauses, informed the committee that they wanted to consult with their attorneys as to wording before again meeting with the committee.

The plan of having one, unified clause for everyone may be unworkable, but it seems definite that all major jazz artists' contracts will contain anti-segregation clauses within a short time, and a major step will have been taken by jazz musicians in the battle for human rights.

CHICAGO JAZZ DOCUMENTARY ON NBC

On Nov. 26, the day this issue appears on the newsstands, a mammoth jazz cavalcade appears on evening television. NBC-TV broadcasts *The DuPont Show of the Week*, an hour-long color-cast titled *Chicago and All That Jazz*, hosted and narrated by Gary Moore.

Performers, in person or on film (or, in a few cases, in re-enactment), include Red Allen, Lil Armstrong, Buster Bailey, Mae Barnes, Eddie Condon, Bud Freeman, Bob Haggart, Milt Hinton, Gene Krupa, Meade Lux Lewis, Jimmy McPartland, Al Minns

and Leon James, Kid Ory, Pee Wee Russell, Blossom Seeley, Johnny St. Cyr, Zutty Singleton, Joe Sullivan, and Jack Teagarden.

There also will be segments of archive jazz film by Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, and Mamie Smith.

N.O. VETERAN DIES IN PARADE

When death came for New Orleans jazz veteran Edgar Moseley, it arrived on marching feet.

The 67-year-old drummer, who spent his last years in Los Angeles, collapsed and died Oct. 28, apparently of a stroke, while marching in the Sierra Madre, Calif., Pioneer Days parade.

He had been a member of the Olympia and Eagle bands in New Orleans some 40 years ago and had worked with George Lewis, Bunk Johnson, Papa Celestin, and other Crescent City jazzmen.

In 1946, he settled in Los Angeles, where he was adviser and snare drummer for the Southern California Hot Jazz Society Brass Band.

'BLACKMAIL,' SAYS OWNER OF RENAISSANCE IN O'DAY HASSEL

Anita O'Day, whose colorful career has been spotted with headline-making incidents, once more is the center of a show-business row in Hollywood. This time, however, the battle is none of her doing.

A recent front-page story in a Hollywood trade daily newspaper reported that the American Guild of Variety Artists refused to permit the singer to open a weekend engagement at the Renaissance.

According to a union representative, Jim Kelly, the club management refused to put up in advance a cash bond covering Miss O'Day's salary, a proviso generally required by AGVA before one of its members may open an engagement. Failure to post the bond, Kelly told the newspaper, additionally cancels a future two-week date at the club scheduled for the singer.

To Renaissance owner Ben Shapiro, however, the situation giving rise to Miss O'Day's nonappearance is far from being that simple.

"The real culprit," Shapiro said, "is not AGVA, but Associated Booking Corp., Anita O'Day's agency." Shapiro said AGVA, in this instance, is the tool of ABC.

"Anita's price for the weekend was \$400," he said. The morning of her scheduled opening date, while Shapiro was in San Francisco on a business trip, he said he was notified via telephone by ABC's Hollywood office that the sum of \$1,100 would have to be deposited with ABC before the singer could appear.

"At no time," Shapiro stated, "was AGVA mentioned. The union never entered the discussion, and I hadn't been in contact with Kelly or any AGVA representative concerning the O'Day engagement."

He characterized the agency's alleged



Anita

demand for the advance payment as "out-and-out blackmail."

"Naturally," Shapiro added, "I refused to be blackmailed."

The role played by AGVA, the club owner said, was totally unexpected. In pointing the finger at what he claimed was ABC's incitement of the union's action forbidding Miss O'Day's appearance, he declared, "This is another black mark against this agency in its mistreatment of artists and employers."

RECORD COMPANIES MOVE TO INCREASE SALES

This year has been a bitter one for most record companies, though in some cases, company-released sales figures might indicate the opposite. But, in most cases, those were gross sales, not indicating the giveaways, special sales, promotion gimmicks, and wholesale dumping that inflate sales figures.

In October and November, record companies started to make readjustments. Building on a move made earlier in the year to scrap the 45-rpm record in favor of a seven-inch, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm record, as originally issued by Columbia many years ago, two labels began to issue a kind of compromise album.

Cadence called its the Little LP, a seven-inch, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ record with three tracks on each side, selling for \$1.69. It is an obvious attempt to appeal to the teenager pocketbook and was brought about largely because teenagers have been noticeably slow in buying full-price albums in the past and slow this year in buying singles.

Mercury followed suit—same size, speed, and price, but its product is called the Compact Six. Mercury readily admitted Cadence's birth of the idea, and the two companies largely agreed on reasons for the new record and as to what their product will be.

Cadence president Archie Bleyer probably spoke for both when he said

better records would result because "it's hard to find 12 good songs for a regular-sized album." Bleyer's disenchantment with the regulation album comes from its loss of status as a gift album because of special sales, discounts, and so on, plus a supposed customer resistance to listening to the same artist for more than six tracks in a row.

Other recent major record-company activity includes the reactivation of Columbia's Okeh label and Victor's Groove.

Okeh will ride strongly on the Gospel train, and rhythm and blues, but the company will also use the label for new artists in the pop field as well as anything else that doesn't fit into the Columbia pattern.

Victor dropped Groove, once a flourishing rhythm-and-blues subsidiary, several years ago. Its reactivation coincides with a radical price cut. Groove will sell for 49 cents (the recommended price for singles is 98 cents).

In none of these cases was jazz mentioned as a part of the over-all program, but it is safe to assume it will be eventually. The three 35-cent subsidiaries before World War II—Columbia's Okeh, blue-label Decca, and Victor's Bluebird—issued many superior jazz records. (Decca has not thus far joined in this movement.)

All smaller labels are watching and waiting. The only maverick is Morty Craft of Warwick records. He said he feels that single records sell so little today, and often in limited areas, that it is no longer economical to sell a single for 98 cents. He intends to sell them for \$1.25, and he believes the higher price will help in the sales of albums.

COMPOSERS, LYRICISTS TIE UP A LOOSE END

Gathering up one of the last loose strings in its successful campaign to sign all motion picture makers to bargaining contracts with the composers and lyricists who work in movies, the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America this fall finished its business with the Universal-International studio.

The new contract signed with U-I provides minimum wage scales of \$325 weekly for term contract composers and lyricists and \$350 for week-to-week employees. Other provisions in the agreement cover participation by employees in the motion picture industry pension plan and definition of performing rights and screen credits.

The only studio as yet unsigned by the CLGA is United Artists, financing and distribution agent for many independent producers. The guild's attorneys are now negotiating contracts with UA, which will cover all such independents.



THE GENIUS & THE KIDS



At Hollywood Bowl

A familiar source of irritation to jazz musicians is the tendency of some critics to wash their hands of performers when the musicians attain a popularity extending beyond the "pure jazz lovers." Since increased popularity invariably runs neck and neck with increased income, the fallacy of thought exists among some jazz musicians that critics are opposed in principle to economic improvement.

Ray Charles may change all this.

Not only is his music beloved of professional jazzmen, most critics, and jazz fans, his singing also seems to reach an ever-growing public of remarkable variety.

A recent Charles concert at the Hollywood Bowl, moreover, revealed an additional and possibly revolutionary shocker: The smoldering blues singer has captured the hully-gully set, the great U.S. teenage bloc.

For more than an hour on a clear fall night, Charles, backed by his 16-piece band, a 19-piece string section and a 12-voice choir, stirred mounting excitement among some 6,000 fans—mostly teenagers concentrated in the lower-priced seats—until his audience scaled heights of enthusiasm that assumed near-riot proportions before the close of the program.

In a sense, this was Charles' Big Night.

At concerts and in night clubs throughout the country the impassioned singer works with his own band, and it is seldom 16 pieces. On this occasion, though, the trappings were lavish. Hal Zeiger, the promoter who has been very successful booking Charles from coast to coast, saw to that. According to molasses-voiced Joe Adams, whose chief function, it appeared, was to introduce disc jockeys, the event was an "official" Salute to the Genius of Ray Charles.

At 10 p.m., following a pre-intermission half of hard-smacking big-band jazz with much instrumental excitement provided by tenor saxophonist David (Fathead) Newman and trumpeter John Hart, among other soloists, Charles appeared on stage to a wave of semi-hysterical whooping and clapping from the youngsters.

From the first measures of *Moanin'*, he had them. Then, when he hit *Let the Good Times Roll*, the lusty tenor of Newman alternating with Charles' high hoarseness, the teenagers responded with impromptu performances all their own. Screaming, they leaped onto seats, hands wriggling in air, torsos twitching. They erupted into the aisles, hully-gully-ing solo or in pairs.

With *Georgia on My Mind*, a momentary calm returned. Strings and choir provided the icing for a sweetened Charles. The pattern was repeated with *Ruby* and several other numbers, all

strategically placed in the program as antidotes for the recurring and progressively growing wildness among the children during belters.

With each new flare-up of dancing, police moved from aisle to aisle, shining their flashlights at the gyrating dancers, urging them back to their seats.

Finally, at about 11 p.m., Charles announced, "I am shocked, shocked to learn there's fighting in the audience. The police have asked me to cut it off." Defiantly, the children responded, "What'd I say . . . What'd I say . . . !" Shrugging, Charles returned to the keyboard.

With the opening of the familiar *What'd I Say?*, the teenagers went wild. Beyond restraint now, they poured into the aisles once more and flowed in a human torrent down the steps from the cheaper sections to the edge of the pool separating audience from stage. Two youths leaped onto the low wall of the pool; a dozen followed. In moments the top of the wall was alive. A line of youths was silhouetted against the lighted water, arms madly waving, bodies jerking in ceaseless motion to the music.

From the packed mass at their jiggling feet came roars of appreciation. It seemed inevitable that some would lose balance and topple into the water.

The entire audience was now on its feet witnessing in mixed amazement and laughter the dervishlike display of the pool-wall prancers.

Then, from either side, police moved in cautiously, quietly, gradually breaking up the throng; ordering the demonstrators down from the wall but taking care not to grab at any feet lest one overbalance into the pool, dragging others with him. Had there been such a wetting, tragedy might have resulted—the bottom of the shallow pool is a network of electrical wiring and cables feeding power to special lighting fixtures.

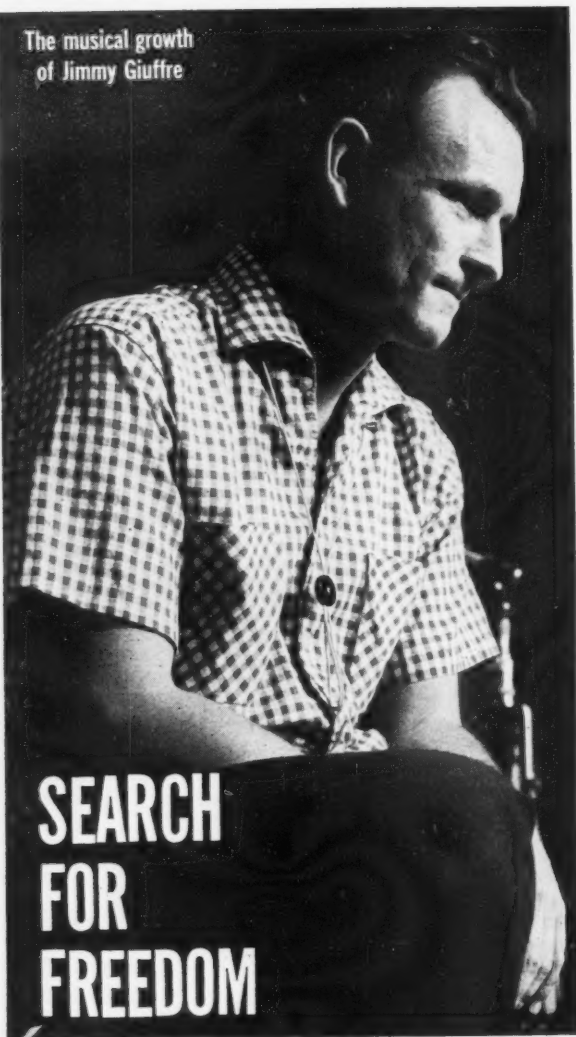
And then it was over. The children dispersed quietly. No resistance was offered to police. Charles brought *What'd I Say?* to a shouting close and the audience, still agog, moved toward the exits.

Thus has Ray Charles, proclaimed "Soul Genius" etcetera, traversed musical taste from the professional jazzman and dedicated jazz fan to teenage screamer. Now that he's been discovered by the hully-gully group, will his appeal to the jazz devotee lessen? And in the eyes (or ears) of the critics will "the Genius of Ray Charles" wane?

Why on earth should it? Nothing in the music of this magnetic and profoundly moving musician has undergone change or cheapening. Nothing, in fact, has changed—except now the audience is larger.

—Tynan

The musical growth
of Jimmy Giuffre



SEARCH FOR FREEDOM

By BURT KORALL

JIMMY GUFFRE, the soft-spoken, ever-searching gentleman from Texas, says he has found the most direct route to his musical soul, adding, "I've turned away from the past and moved into a new musical world. It's another beginning."

To speak naturally, openly, and with strength and conviction through his music, releasing thoughts as they come, in whatever form they manifest, has been his goal, particularly in recent years. With his current approach to both playing and writing, which emphasizes free form and free tonality, he feels that the liberation and eventual emergence of his total musical personality is possible.

Spontaneity means everything to the new Giuffre, he says. Because of this, the more traditional composing and playing procedures are inadequate for his needs; they don't provide sufficient latitude for the type of expression with which he is primarily concerned.

"If one is compelled," Giuffre said, "to consistently adapt to particular forms and tonalities, automatically areas of communication integral to complete representation of ideas become off-limits. About two years ago, I began to realize that a change of direction was indicated in my case. I had to be free. I had to move beyond the fences, to the grazing land beyond."

16 • DOWN BEAT

Over the last decade, Giuffre often has implied, through the course his work has followed, that this separation from the flock would eventually occur. However, it was necessary for him to pass through several phases of musical experience first.

"I first envisioned my present position, if somewhat cloudily, after I had started studying composition with Dr. Wesley LaViolette in Los Angeles almost 15 years ago," Giuffre recalled. "He progressively made me more aware of myself, of the importance of the individual musicians in a group, of counterpoint, and, as a result of the latter, the significance of the melodic line."

After about five years of study (1947-52), with LaViolette, whom he considers one of the most potent factors in his development, Giuffre began to find direction.

It was possible to get the feeling of improvisation in his writing; he indicated that he could apply counterpoint validly in a jazz sense. More and more, he became involved with the idea of giving each man in a unit a substantial line to play, one that could be heard clearly by the other group members and the audience, a line that could stand alone and also contribute to the over-all fabric.

"This meant specifically employing the device of movement of different voices at different speeds, providing a sense of continuity at the same time setting up a balance of contrast," wrote Ed Michel in a revealing essay on Giuffre in the British tome, *These Jazzmen of Our Time*.

Giuffre found a sense of fulfillment in counterpoint; it remains central to his musical philosophy today.

IN THE BEGINNING, there was Giuffre the swing-band player and writer. Then, with the guidance of LaViolette, he moved into the world of counterpoint. He applied his knowledge in many ways, exploring fresh and well-worn paths, following each one until it no longer offered him anything. One situation or phase, he insists, led logically to the next; each revealed to him a bit more about music and his place in it.

More than anything else, Giuffre's need to probe his own capabilities and the need to find his own music are responsible for the series of modifications in his approach and style over the years. However, certain elements in the Giuffre compound have remained constant.

He continues to follow the contrapuntal path. Total expression remains his goal. In line with this, conventions are thrust aside in order to make his output more meaningful. Discontent with the routine, the patternized, and the self-conscious has not left him.

The members of his group always have ample space to assert themselves. The Giuffre units consistently have derived identity from both leader and sidemen. Personalities within Giuffre's orbit blend into a well-defined image, reflecting some of their own individual traits but many more of their leader. The music is a matter of community expression, but Giuffre's attitudes and presence are always felt.

"I abhor stereotypes," Giuffre asserted. "Therefore, I have sought out musical areas which provide stimulation and freedom to be original."

"Following my productive years with LaViolette, I forced myself into atonal music. Though I couldn't play or hear it naturally at that time, I was strongly drawn to it. The possibilities for expression seemed enormous. It took nearly 10 years before I was ready to return to it."

Albums recorded for the Contemporary label with Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne cast light on Giuffre's position in the early 1950s. He not only dabbled in atonality and tried "spontaneous improvisation in an unrestricted framework" but also began work on "liberating" the jazz rhythm section, giving instrumentalists who had generally been confined to time-keeping larger, more flexible, roles to play.

His attitude concerning the use of the rhythm section

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was stated in the *Tangents in Jazz* album on Capitol. "At the time, I saw no need for the rhythm players to supply a constant basis for the horns," he said, "and attempted to use them in different ways. I felt then, as I do now, that jazz is not a rhythm but a feeling which can be produced in any context by jazz musicians."

The year 1955, was a crucial one. He passed out of his "experimental" phase and moved further and further away, both as a writer and instrumentalist, from the stomping musician of another time. The aggressive and loose gave way to the organized and controlled.

His involvement with the soft and beautiful became so pronounced by 1955 that playing and writing in a virile manner, employing stronger sounds and emotions, was out of the question. "It was sort of like not wanting to go out unless I was dressed properly," he said. "I couldn't release this music inside of me unless it sounded perfect—that was the first consideration—to have a beautiful sound quality."

Giuffre rapidly became identified with quiet, often wispy, sonorities and understated or implied rhythmic thrust. He looked to his roots, and his folk phase, considered by some critics his most productive of all, began.

His love for the earthy and peaceful and pastoral, his instinct and flair for the sounds and musical flavors of the Southwest, the part of the country in which he grew up, previously only intimated, now gained full expression.

"I sought directness and found it in folk material," Giuffre observed. "I was genuinely moved by Joe Turner and early blues and got caught up in the whole thing."

The Jimmy Giuffre 3 was his basic medium of expression.

The first edition included guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ralph Pena, and the second retained Hall but brought valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer in to replace the bass. Both units eschewed the soloist-with-rhythm-section approach, which was as predominant then as it is now. Opposing the falsely aggressive and masculine in jazz, the Giuffre trios were soft-spoken and mirrored Giuffre's contrapuntal attitudes.

Each of the instrumentalists was relatively free; the trio still bowed to tonalities and basic meters, but within these disciplines the approach was more flexible than most. The clarity of line and blend of personalities and fresh approach to material proved compelling listening for those not chained to jazz stereotypes.

The very character of the 3 between 1955 and 1958, however, led to its demise in the latter year. Jazz clubs, its main source of income, by nature noisy and ill equipped acoustically to handle a group of this sort, could not comfortably accommodate the trio. What is more, Giuffre had come to realize that the essentially introverted quality of his group would have to be replaced by something that portrayed more than one side of life.

"Jimmy cannot just amble along in a beautiful valley," said Ed Michel shortly before the 3 broke up. "He must remember it rains sometimes and will have to include the entire range of human experience" in his work.

Opening his ears to Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins let in new worlds of sound and rhythm. This, in addition to paying closer heed to artists in other creative fields who express themselves with surety, conviction, and a wide sweep contributed to Giuffre's rebirth.

DURING THE last three years, I've worked my way out of the prison which I built for myself," Giuffre said, taking obvious pleasure in doing so. "I have endeavored to cast aside inhibitions and embraced life in many more of its musical aspects."

Giuffre played and wrote and recorded a good deal dur-

ing this period. The circumstances to which he had to adapt were various. He intentionally involved himself in both conventional and unconventional jazz situations, becoming looser and less fearful as time passed. The culmination of this interval of self-examination is a more stable platform.

"At long last, I feel that I'm on the right track," he said. "My new 3 [pianist Paul Bley, bassist Steve Swallow, and himself] is one of the first outgrowths of my new thing. The music is my own, and I have the right men to play it. We've shaken off all schools. Traditional functions of the instruments have been eliminated; we play what we feel. By not allowing ourselves to be shackled by the past, we have gained entrance into the future."

"Most of our repertoire is free of definite key feeling. I've found that working within keys and harmonies is limiting. You can't truly be original. Another thing—there are no designated solo lengths; a player expresses himself until he feels he has spoken his mind. Whether the solo is short or long is of no consequence; it is the content that matters."

"My goals—complete freedom and expressiveness—put great stress on each player. We have to listen very closely to one another, much more so than in other types of units. Fusion or meeting of minds is essential to the success of our music. What we do is a matter of collective improvisation wherein individual roles are constantly shifting from dominant to subordinate."

The Giuffre modus operandi somewhat resembles that of altoist Ornette Coleman. But if one listens and examines the music closely, one comes to realize they are not that similar. Coleman, though a completely liberated instrumentalist, remains the soloist with several accompanists. Giuffre, on the other hand, has group concept; emphasis is placed on togetherness and both disciplined and instinctive interplay via counterpoint, duets, etc.

Like the Coleman quintet, the 3 finds techniques emerging out of situations. Form follows function. Each composition has a shape, values, and content of its own. And because of the freedom that is so much a part of the approach of both groups, a composition takes on another identity every time it is performed, and becomes, in essence, a new piece.

"We are influenced by everything we hear," Giuffre added. "The whole spectrum of music is our playground. Nothing is considered extraneous, for all that goes on around us is life. However, we do edit as we proceed. Only our jazz feeling and need to speak, each in our own way, are constants."

Giuffre the combo leader, Giuffre the instrumentalist, and Giuffre the composer are, as critic Don Nelsen has noted, "indivisible."

Giuffre, the composer, indicates he "is not interested in following the tradition of jazz, European, or folk music." He likes them all but prefers to write his own contrapuntal, atonal music. His most recent efforts on a large scale, *Piece for Clarinet and String Orchestra* and *Mobiles*, recently released by Verve records, best delineate Giuffre's present composing posture.

Giuffre, the instrumentalist, is not what he once was. First of all, he has given up all the reeds but the clarinet. His clarinet playing, formerly vague and misty, only really effective in the lower and middle registers, has changed. There are indications of approaching fluency. His ideas are stated with more definition.

In coming months and years, he hopes, he said, to achieve virtuoso stature. The only carryover from the past is his warm, plaintive sound. Playing half the clarinet, living half a musical life, which he often has been accused by critics of doing, is part of yesterday.

The Giuffre of today, like the Giuffre of yesterday, is an adventurer. His music is not for ears that seek out the comfortable and the easy.





GEORGE HOFFMAN

FOCUS on / TOMMY VIG

By BILL COSS

The most common of those things said about jazz is that it is the only art form originated by Americans. It must be understood, however, that jazz is not a unique kind of music in general and that there are American artists in other fields who have as much right to the export royalties as do jazz artists.

What does make jazz unique is its rhythm but, most particularly, its feeling. Music is not a universal language really. (Few Occidental listeners are sophisticated enough to appreciate Oriental music.)

But rhythm is a universal language, as is feeling. Jazz represents both of those in a primeval way; not necessarily primitive, but essentially and simply, honestly, and directly it pleads, praises, and preaches about today's world. That is probably the major reason why jazz is so influential, and so copied, around the world. It is more than coincidental that a music based in protest, then freedom, then protest, is espoused by others, whether their protest is from adolescent or adult anguish.

All of that is to argue for the jazz excellence of a young (22) Hungarian, four years in this country, named Tommy Vig.

VIG IS A broad-headed, fox-faced, slim young man, an altogether unsinister native of Transylvania (where the toughest cats of popular repute were Dr. Frankenstein and Count Dracula).

Vig is old enough to have heard the Willis Conover *Voice of America*

broadcasts and to have been influenced into modern jazz by records, particularly by the group Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson co-led. His father, who plays clarinet, is old enough to have been influenced by swing, Benny Goodman in particular.

By the time he was 9, Tommy, a drum prodigy, was touring Europe with his father, "playing Benny Goodman-Gene Krupa kinds of things." When he was 16, he switched to vibes, and began to play "not modern, but Art Van Damme kind of jazz." (His brother is an accordionist, a possible explanation of the Van Damme allegiance).

Two years later, during the 1956 ill-fated revolt, the trio escaped from Hungary bringing mother, who is not a musician. "She just goes mad," Tommy said, "because the three of us practice all day long."

For the last four years, he has played with groups led by Bill Evans, Mat Mathews, Herbie Mann, Sol Yaged, Duke Jordan, and Peter Ind, experience made more varied because his main source of income has come from the more steady employment offered by Meyer Davis' society bands.

The Tommy Vig Trio (Calvin Ridgely, bass, and Nat Yarbrough, drums) debuted in Steinway Hall in New York City earlier this year. It was a jazz concert, easily recognizable as such, but certainly well within the avant-garde tradition. The trio's sound, because all three instruments had equally important parts, was most reminiscent of the inti-

macy and clarity available from a string quartet or some other small chamber ensemble.

But the compositions, mostly originals by Vig, and the improvisations were strikingly different from the ordinary, marking Vig apart both as a player and writer. The improvisations were likely to be startlingly different, sometimes completely indifferent to the compositions from which they came, more highly personal comments suggested by what had gone before, rather than variations or extensions of the original, and related to it mainly because of a musical and intellectual conception common to both.

The compositions were equally different from the normal but not as startling. They were unmistakably jazz, but they contained heavy doses of elements from modern classical music—Bartok, Stravinsky, etc.

"I do not feel comfortable with pre-classical elements, such as used by the Modern Jazz Quartet," Vig explained.

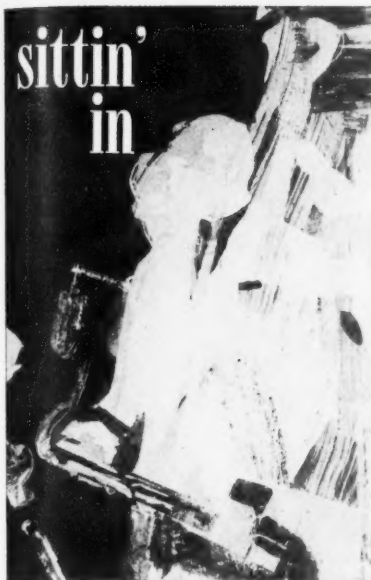
He does feel comfortable with extended jazz pieces and plans to write a concerto for vibraphone and large orchestra.

ASERIOUS young man, you see. Serious, too, about his playing. He's made a careful list of improvements he intends to make in his approach to the instrument: "No monotonous eighth-note runs, improvisation with three or four mallets as well as with two, comping for myself with two mallets in the left hand while playing with one in the right, playing contra melodies with two hands, playing melody and harmonies at the same time by damping with the hand."

Too much of what has been written before may make the youngest Vig seem fixed outside the immediate environs of jazz. But no listener to the Afro-Cuban-U.S. groups with which he generally plays nowadays would judge his talent that way.

As is the case with most artists operating on the fringes of their times, Tommy Vig operates and co-operates in the way a good jazzman should. If any proof of his allegiance to the national music is needed, it is in his treatment of the compositions of others—*Oleo*, by Sonny Rollins; *Straight, No Chaser*, by Thelonious Monk; *Daahoud*, by Clifford Brown, all represented in that concert and all played with an understanding for the composer quite above the ordinary. He is a jazz musician.

If there is a measure to be taken of what he can do, it will come not from the easy familiarity he displays in the many groups with which he now plays, but from the new music that he preaches and promises.



By ART HODES

Curious, I look back. How did it happen? Me, of all people, satisfied to be a sideman, work for someone I liked and admired. I can follow. So what happened? Did I run out of candidates? When did I become a leader? It's not as simple as "boy becomes man" or "I got a job and formed a band." I'd gone out before and hustled jobs. Turned right around and handed them to a leader. Byron Tavern, El Rado Club. Both my bookings. Handed them over to Henry Manone. He was leading.

I think I recall when it happened, my first "leading" engagement. New York City, 1939. Fred Williamson was the agent. The late Herman Rosenberg probably had a hand in it; he was always trying to help some out-of-work musician get set. Anyway, the call came, and "would you be interested?" Would I like to take a band into Child's eatery at 103rd St. and Broadway? I was to be the leader; band to be called Art Hodes and His Columbia Quintet (Columbia College was practically next door). Leader money was to be split three ways. Georg Brunis and Rod Cless were my partners, and if I remember correctly, we received the sum (apiece) of \$42.50. The two sidemen got \$35. How about that mess? This was the roaring '39s. So, we'll accept the fact that something besides money inspired leadership.

The quest for work; it had all seemed so simple. Someone heard you play and recommended you. The word went out, and work accumulated. In time, you joined the musicians union. More acquaintances; more work, my first out-of-work experience came after I discovered jazz. With the discovery came a change of style, and I become less popular (with the guys whom I depended on

for work, the musicians themselves, leaders). A hot man discovered a cool reception.

So the hot men grouped together, got their own work, worked infrequently. You paid for your kicks. Music being our main purpose, we managed to find a place to play. After a while, someone came up with a gig. Up until now, it was "somebody else, not me." You wouldn't remember the great Bert Williams (me neither, but I got a recording)—that was his line.

Well, eventually it was your turn up. So no matter how late (and you might have been up all night) you're up the next day, up and at 'em, make the phone calls, chase down leads. You must show up in person, showing dependability. You shape up. First law of a leader is: Get the job. No work, no band. The musicians follow the gigs. Witness what happened at Nick's in New York City some years back. Nick is gone now (although the place is in existence). The boss fired the leader, but the band stayed. A new leader picked up his horn and blew.

You ask, "Why be a leader?" Why not look for another leader to work for? Well, let's see . . . In my early Chicago days, there was Wingy and Bud Freeman doing some leading; two bands to work in. Available for the piano chair were Joe Sullivan, Jess Stacy, Art Gruenwald, Tut Soper, George Zack. Frank Melrose was around. More musicians than jobs. When I got to New York, same story. There was a Sunday jam session at Ryan's. To get to play that session I had to get in line behind Stacy, Sullivan, Joe Bushkin, Fats Waller, Earl Hines. Just a \$10 deal, and the line forms to the right. Every time you looked around, another favorite son appeared.

You begin to wonder when it is gonna be your turn. Add a couple mouths to feed, and you're well on your way to getting your own gig. In my case, though, I think it goes deeper, because I can remember way back when . . . I'm just a kid, running around, and the ball team's full up. I form my own team.

Back in Chicago, there were always bands "rehearsing." In New York City, I learned, first get the job, or at least the angle. The men? You'll find 'em. How many times have I heard people say, "You guys sound good; how long you been together?" Huh? A couple of calls had gathered the brood. The book? You speak the same language, got it memorized, stamped into you.

Sure, after you're on the gig, you work up new things. And another thing—avoid taking band pictures. I don't know why, but I do know that more bands have split up, lost gigs, got notices right after the picture-taking bit, I don't have to remember—it's fresh—

some boss saying, "That ain't the band on the picture."

Speaking of bosses, there's a breed that deserves a full column all its own. I never realized what I was missing just being a sideman. Suddenly, I discovered. If business is good, you're a hero; bad, you're a bum. "It's the music; change the band." No people? "He doesn't draw." Crowds? "He's an attraction."

Bosses can bring tears to your eyes, they're losing so much. There's a lot of truth to the saying, "The bosses are hanging themselves." A year after working for a boss who had sung me some sad music—all about "how much I'm losing"—the guy walks into a spot where I'm working, and we gas a bit. Out it comes: "I didn't do bad with you." A strange breed. Somehow the leader must find a way to live with them.

Leaders talk to the people, announce numbers, hear from the hecklers, work out a routine of speech. You try to keep a good feeling in the room. Remember, you can't make it without people; you need them. Leaders get the requests ("play *The Saints!*"). Man, you just played it the set before. "But I just got here . . . just one more time . . . just a little bit." If you play it, the band is dragged; if you don't, the customer is perturbed. Somehow, you work out of it.

Just when the band is beginning to get a good sound, the important man gets a better offer and leaves. Or maybe your trombone man starts nipping just a bit noticeably. Your own problem is how to keep up on your instrument and still take care of business.

You've got a hot angle—a record date. Been waiting for this; you're ready. You cut a good date. The records'll help you, bound to. If they hit the jukebox. Never do.

I remember one record date. "This is it, Art," the man in charge said. "They want originals. So come up with something." Well, you know I worked, and we came up with something. Everyone concerned agreed on that. So it's cut, and it's happy days. Four originals, plus Jelly-Roll's *Grandpa's Spells* and some other things. Now you wait. And you wait. Finally someone stops you on the street. "Hey, Art. You know that *Grandpa* thing you do? Well, I heard it on the air."

Well, why don't they tell me if it's out. Ah, yes, but it turns out a surprise. Someone at the record company liked the tune, liked it for another leader. My date was held up till he learned it, cut it, released it, and milked it. Then my date was released. Only my version never hit the jukebox. His did.

You can't beat city hall.

PART 1

JAZZ IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP

By ERIC VOGEL



Eric Vogel today

EDITOR'S NOTE

Eric Vogel first became interested in jazz in 1930, when he became an amateur musician in his native Czechoslovakia. Besides playing trumpet and, later, writing arrangements, he was an avid record collector.

After World War II and his release from the Nazis, Vogel formed his own combo in Prague. He also wrote about jazz in Czech newspapers and magazines. Soon he was counted among the leading European critics.

In 1948 he came to this country, taking up residence in the New York City area. Vogel is now U. S. correspondent for *Jazz Podium*, a German jazz magazine.

About the story *Jazz in a Nazi Concentration Camp*, Vogel said, "I am writing this story without hate or feeling of revenge. It is my desire that the memory of this short-lived band, the Kille Dillers, should not die, despite most of the members being dead.

"I believe in the strong mission of jazz, the mission of brotherhood and understanding. I believe that jazz musicians are the 'better people,' free of hate and bias.

"I believe jazz is the greatest contribution by the U. S. to the culture of mankind, though it is greatly underrated by the American people. It is the symbol of free expression and democracy, a mighty weapon in the ideological fight for these ideals. I know that the youth of the world, regardless of which side of the Iron Curtain they may be on, are under the spell of this wonderful music. I am glad that the United States is still in the leading position as the home of the innovators. I am sorry, however, that this fact is not recognized by all Americans and that the tremendous force of jazz is not used to the extent it should be."

THIS IS A STORY of horror, terror, and death but also of joy and pleasure, the history of a jazz band whose members were doomed to die.

It began in 1938 in Brno, the second largest city in Czechoslovakia. We were immensely interested in jazz, and we had our little combo consisting of the talented Paszkus brothers, guitar and drums; Bramer, piano; Kolek, clarinet; myself, trumpet.

We were playing semiprofessionally but mostly for fun. I was a jazz fan of long standing and had one of the largest collections of American jazz records in my country. I also had a few issues of *Down Beat*, and despite my poor knowledge of the English language, I understood almost everything that was written about jazz in the United States.

Things were calm and peaceful—except the political situation. But we were living in another world, in the world of jazz sounds, and did not pay any attention to the dark political clouds, which grew bigger and bigger every day. We did know about the fate of Jews in Germany, but we were sure Hitler would never come to Czechoslovakia. But on March 15, 1939, it happened, and we were taken by surprise.

The same day the bell rang at many apartments occupied by Jews, and a voice commanded, "Open the door. Gestapo!" This meant in many cases the end of countless Jews, who were taken away, beaten to death, or sent to concentration camps and never seen again.

At 5 p.m. the bell rang at our apartment.

"Aufmachen. Gestapo!"

My parents were struck by horror. I opened the door, and outside in the SS uniform, with a big swastika on his arm, a man stood who a few weeks before had been in the apartment of one of my friends to listen to one of our jam sessions.

"Oh, that's you!" he said, more surprised than I was. He assured me that nothing would happen to me. This was the first time that jazz was deeply involved in shaping my life. It was not to be the last.

After the first wave of arrests, the horror subsided, only to make way for a well-organized persecution.

After a few weeks, I lost my job as a design engineer, and to make my living I began to write and sell arrangements for Bobek Bryen's big band. I also transcribed some American records. I remember some titles—*Squeeze Me* by Chick Webb, *Livery Stable Blues* by Bunny Berigan, and *Gin Mill Blues* by Bob Crosby.

One of the first anti-Semitic laws was the order for all Jews to wear the yellow Star of David and not to mingle or speak with non-Jews. Later, Jews were forbidden to be on the street after 8 p.m. and were not permitted to frequent public places, such as movies, theaters, coffee houses, or night clubs, where all the bands were playing. If you were caught without the star, you were sent immediately to a concentration camp.

A few weeks later, Jews had to abandon their apartments and were confined to a relatively small area of Brno. The evacuated families were forced to live with other Jewish families in the "permitted" zone and share apartments. We were very happy not to be evacuated, even though we had to share our two-bedroom apartment with two other Jewish families. I still managed to play somewhat muted jazz in my apartment and was in demand by bandleaders to write more arrangements.

I had composed and arranged *Boogie Woogie Blues* and one night was rehearsing the Bryen band when I suddenly discovered that it was already 9 p.m. Three Gestapo men entered the rehearsal room on a routine inspection and



Jam session in the author's apartment, 1939.

discovered me. I was arrested.

On the way to the Gestapo headquarters we met my SS friend, and he said, "With this pig Jew I have to settle a personal account—leave him to me." I was promptly handed over to him. He saved my life again—he took me home. He came into my apartment, and I gave him some of my jazz records and books about jazz music.

Other jazz fans and I listened regularly to American short-wave radio, and it was a holiday when we could get some of the better bands on our loudspeaker. It was our only connection with the outside world. I mention this because the order of the Gestapo to hand over all radio

Brass section of the Kille Dillers.



receivers within 24 hours was the hardest blow of all for us.

A few weeks later another terrible blow came. We had to deliver all our musical instruments to the Gestapo, and this was the end of our beloved jam sessions. I remember the dark day when I had to hand over my horn. It had given me so many hours of joy and pleasure it was like losing a beloved friend. I soaked the valves in sulfuric acid to prevent anyone from playing military marches on the horn used to playing jazz.

I was also deprived of my piano, and I found it very difficult to arrange without it. This was the end of the period when I made my living with jazz.

I took a job with the Jewish community in Brno and was employed in the so-called technical bureau. We worked under direct supervision of the Gestapo and had to fulfill their orders. All the Jews had to register for emigration and hand over a list of their property, what was left. But there was no hope of emigration—it was only a trick of the Gestapo to get the list of all Jews in Czechoslovakia.

SUDDENLY WE GOT THE ORDER to organize the Umschulungskurse (course for vocational retraining). In most cases these were for manual labor, but to my great surprise, I was asked to take over a course on jazz.

I was fascinated by the idea of playing again and getting some instruments. I recruited a teaching staff among some fellow jazz musicians, and within a few hours we had applications from about 40 pupils. Some of them were elderly men who were hoping to play some music again. Naturally, we also had some youngsters who were already interested in or playing jazz.

It took a few weeks before we got back our instruments. Until we did, we gave a few lectures about theory, history, and the aspects of jazz, and I will never forget the lecture I gave in the first session.

Most of my pupils were longhairs and never before had been interested in jazz. I managed to get hold of 12 jazz records of *St. Louis Blues*, played by different artists. With them I set about to prove that in jazz the interpretation and spontaneous improvisation counts for more than the composition. Every jazz musician is a composer when he plays, and to make it clear for the longhairs, I compared the jazz musician to a painter who has freedom to paint as

The Kille Dillers, 1940. Vogel is third trumpeter from the left.

he likes. Then I compared the musician playing a classical composition to a photographer who is trying to get a sharp picture and can't do too much about it. This came as a shock to most of the "classics," but after a few lessons and many more recordings, all the longhair musicians were excited about jazz and completely taken with its qualities.

After two or three weeks of theoretical lessons, we got instruments, and the real work of re-education began. Most of the pupils were string musicians, some of high level, and they had to switch now to trumpet, trombone, clarinet, sax, drums, etc., and after several weeks of giving individual lessons, we finally came together for ensemble playing. To our surprise, the band sounded better than we ever dreamed.

We called the band the Kille Dillers. I had found in one *Down Beat* an expression, "killer diller," that I liked very much, though I didn't know the exact meaning of the words. I changed the first word to Kille. This was the name of the Jewish community (from the Hebrew word *kehilah*), so what was more natural than Kille Dillers?

But the glory of this band was not lasting. The "transports to the east," until then only a rumor, suddenly became reality. Every two weeks, 1,000 Jews from Brno and Moravia were assembled in a camp and sent to an unknown destination.

On March 25, 1942, the fateful order was delivered to me: "You are included in the AF transport. Your transport number is AF 714. You have to be in the collection camp on March 26, and you may take with you not more than 30 pounds of baggage. . . ."

LATE IN THE NIGHT, we were transported in closed trucks to the railway station, and under threatening machine-guns pointed at us by hundreds of SS men, we were forced into a waiting train that soon moved out of Brno, my home town.

Nobody knew our destination, but in the first glimpse of the morning sun we discovered to our surprise that we were going west instead of east. In the late afternoon, the train finally stopped. We were driven out of it by a pack of SS men. We had to march about one hour to our destination: Ghetto Theresienstadt.

(To be continued in the next issue.)



PHOTOS COURTESY THE AUTHOR

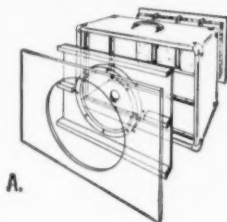
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Five new Fender "PIGGY-BACK" Amps are now available: The Showman 15", Showman 12", Bassman, Bandmaster and Tremolux. One will meet each amplification requirement... guitar, electric bass, bass guitar, steel guitar, accordion and public address.

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- B. Dual Channel Circuits
- C. Tilt-back Legs



A.



B.



C.



SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

FINE ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTS

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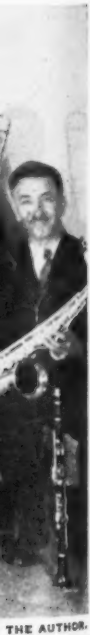
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THE AUTHOR.



KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN



DON SCHLITEN

By PETE WELDING

IF ANY ONE man may be said to have almost single-handedly sparked the wave of interest in folk songs, that person is Kenneth S. Goldstein, the ballad authority and producer during the last 10 years of more than 400 LPs of folk music.

Goldstein, a slight, energetic man of 34, is director of Prestige records' Bluesville and International operations and as such is largely responsible for that firm's recent emergence in the field of authentic blues and folk-music recordings.

The Bluesville series especially, in the opinion of many critics, has fast become one of the most significant and valuable long-term documentary programs devoted wholly to Afro-American music thus far undertaken by a commercial recording company.

It is important to note that the most ambitious and valid of this series' offerings have been initiated under Goldstein's tenure. And no less impressive have been his accomplishments in the International program, a series that is given over to the issuance of authentic folk music from the world over.

It is a truism that the most important work in folk-song collection and documentation has resulted largely from the labors of dedicated "amateur" folklorists and collectors rather than from that of academically trained professionals. This applies in Goldstein's case, too.

As a labor organizer during World War II, he had received his first real exposure to folk singing, for at that time folk songs still played a vital part in union activity.

He found the warm, human tradition-rooted music very much to his liking ("it was the first music that evoked a response in me," he said, "the first music that I could identify with") and in the immediate postwar years he plunged himself into an informal, though exhaustive, study of folk songs, collecting whatever recordings he could get his hands on and absorbing all the standard reference materials on the subject. By 1950, he had amassed both a wide knowledge and a full record library of traditional folk music.

THAT YEAR, while working as a statistician in New York City, Goldstein wandered into the offices of Stinson records, a pioneering folk-music label, in quest of some valuable out-of-print ballad material it had released some time before.

Company officials were so impressed by his knowledge of the area that they asked if he would be interested in assembling for them a reissue collection of the material he was seeking. To his own surprise, he agreed and as a result suddenly found himself in the record business. Over the course of the next five years, he either edited, compiled, documented, or produced some 85 LP collections for Stinson.

At this same time he had met Jac Holzman, who was in the process of setting up Elektra records, also devoted to folk music, though of a more commercially oriented nature. Goldstein, on a free-lance basis, assisted young Holzman in assembling the nucleus of the fledgling label's catalog.

Bill Grauer's Riverside operation, then emerging as a force in modern jazz, beckoned next, and as director of this company's valuable Folklore Series (the "600" series), Goldstein was wholly responsible for the conception, production, and preparation of close to 100 albums of folk material from all over the world—the bulk of it American, however.

While with Riverside, he put together the record set for which he's best known in folk circles—the monumental nine-disc compilation *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (better known as the *Child Ballads* after their collector, Francis James Child) in persuasively authentic performances by the two leading traditional British ballad interpreters A. L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl.

The series, now unfortunately out of print, is deservedly a collector's item and provides an admirable illustration of Goldstein's approach to recording folk songs—an approach that blends the solidly authoritative scholarship of the academician with the ardor and reverence of the amateur enthusiast. Though folk music has become, in a certain sense, a "business" for him, it never has lost its power to delight him, a fact manifest in even the most casual conversation with him.

In August, 1959, Goldstein, as a Fulbright scholar, went to Scotland for a year of research and field recording of traditional ballad remnants. He was able to tape a good amount of material, and the results of his field work will be available on the Folkways label, for which he has produced more than 50 LP collections in the last few years.

Prior to joining Prestige, Goldstein had put together, all told, well over 300 folk-song collections, which had appeared on the 13 major folk-music labels.

"This thing with Prestige," he said, "is really my first full-time salaried position. All the other stuff was done on either a part-time or a free-lance basis, even the Folklore series for Riverside. In many respects, my position with Prestige is pretty much an ideal one, for I have complete freedom in programming what I feel is valid and significant. Commercial potential is not really a consideration in scheduling material. Bob Weinstock [president of Prestige] and I strongly believe that Bluesville and International should concentrate on more-or-less authentic materials that will stand as solid contributions to the body of recorded folk music. These recordings will remain staples of our catalogs and will always be in print; it's not the fast-buck approach at all."

SOME SHARP criticism has been leveled at the earliest releases in the Bluesville series, which were admittedly commercially slanted. These discs, however, done by an independent producer and reflecting his tastes, had been contracted for before Goldstein took over as director. Since he has come in, there has been a complete reorientation, and subsequent offerings in the series should reflect to a fuller degree Goldstein's ideals.

As an a&r director, Goldstein is most active in the recording sessions with the artists presented in the Inter-

national series, as he is more familiar with the Anglo-American folk-song tradition.

In the recording of material in the strong Afro-American tradition—which is presented in the Bluesville series and is, of course, of greater interest to jazz fans—Goldstein has acquired the services of the nation's leading blues authorities.

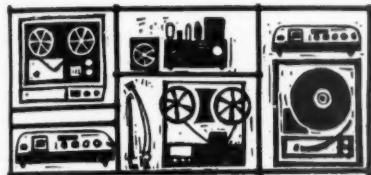
Since blues recording is such a specifically regional thing, he has enlisted the help of Chris Strachwitz on the West Coast, Mack McCormick in the east-Texas area, Harry Oster in Louisiana, Jump Jackson in Chicago, Art Rosenbaum in Indianapolis, and Larry Cohn in New York, among others, all of whom produce sessions of Bluesville under his direction and guidance. Further, Goldstein has been able to secure as a sort of roving field recorder Sam Charters, author of the pioneering book *The Country Blues*.

"In every case, I leave the actual recording up to these men," he said, "and the credit for the success of the Bluesville line is due entirely to their efforts. They know how to get the best results from the artists, for in most cases they have worked with the blues men before and have probably even recorded them, too. Then I make the final selections

from the tapes they send me."

Of his own recording techniques, he said, "In recording blues performers, I prefer to run through an entire session without doing any retakes—except in rare instances—and then select the best of the tunes for album use. I've found out that it doesn't pay to strive for 'polished' performances by going over and over the same tunes. Too much raw spontaneity is lost in this way."

RIGHT NOW the release schedule of Bluesville albums provides for at least 60 additional discs, to be released two a month. "We've been criticized for 'glutting the market' with blues albums," Goldstein remarked. "I personally don't think we have. Two discs a month does not seem too many to us. Besides, these people *have* to be recorded now. In a few years there won't be many more of the old-timers around. We're finally doing something that should have been done long ago. Sam Charters tells me that he considers the Bluesville line the modern-day equivalent of the old Paramount catalog, which contained in its lists many of the truly great blues artists recorded during the 1920s. That's enough for me."



SOUND PICKS OF THE YEAR

By CHARLES GRAHAM

The stereo and high fidelity components here listed have been selected by protracted testing and listening and

comparisons with competitive equipment.

Their selection does not indicate that other equipment is not good. Often the difference between similar units is small, or are only a matter of individual taste. These units represent good values in each price range with assurance of quality control by reputable manufacturers who stand behind their products. No competitive units are better.

The best-buy components, listed first, should be of most interest to the greatest number of music listeners. They represent the best buys in equipment, units in which few compromises have been made. Spending more money in most cases will buy progressively less improvement, though improvement is

possible, as with the selections for the de luxe system.

The de luxe system represents units that are about as good as the state of the art and considerations for home use permit. Spending more money than is indicated for these components will not improve the sound. An exception is a pair of Bozak B-310A, with four woofers in each unit, priced at \$1,540 a pair. They will sound better, but they are very big.

The economy system also should interest those just getting into high fidelity who do not want to buy kits for most parts of the system. The economy system represents about the least expensive setup available today without actually getting into sub-high fidelity sound.

BEST-BUY SYSTEM

Fisher X-100 amplifier	\$159.50
or	
Scott 222C amplifier	\$149.50.
KLH 6 or AR-2A speakers (2)	
(approx.)	\$125.00.
Garrard Type A changer	\$69.50
or	
Thorens TD-184 adjustable speed turntable w/arm	\$75.00.
Shure M7D pickup	\$23.52
or	
Pickering 380C pickup	\$29.85.
Scott 314 FM tuner	\$120.00.
Sony tape deck	\$89.00.

ECONOMY SYSTEM

EICO HF81 amplifier kit	69.95;
factory wired	\$109.95.
Garrard T MKII disc player	\$32.50.
Pickering Stereo 90 pickup	\$16.50.
Pilot Mark II FM tuner	\$49.50.

Heathkit AS-2U speaker kit (2)	\$69.95
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DE LUXE SYSTEM

Fisher 400-CX audio control, w/remote controls	\$220.00
Fisher SA-300B 90-watt power amplifier	\$200.00.
Bozak Urban speakers (2)	\$254.50
or	
Bozak B-305 speakers (2)	\$397.50
Fisher-Lincoln turnover changer	\$250.00
or	
Audio-Empire 208 push-button turntable	\$92.50.
ESL S-2000 transcription arm	\$35.00
or	
Audio-Empire 16-inch arm, 98P	\$44.00.

Shure M3N21D1 pickup	\$45.00.
Miracord Studio H changer w/hysteresis motor	\$99.50.
Scott 350 stereo Multiplex FM tuner	\$200.00.
Tandberg Model six-tape deck (four-track record, and two-track play)	\$498.00

MISCELLANEOUS

Koss SP-3 stereo headphones	\$24.50.
Koss T-5 junction box	\$7.80.
KLH 8 two-piece FM receiver	\$159.00.
Radio Shack car FM tuner (adaptor)	\$36.88
Jensen X-10 remote speaker	\$29.75.
Bozak outdoor high fidelity speaker	\$49.00.
ESL Dust Bug	\$5.75.
Dust Bug for changers	\$4.75.

JOHN McLELLAN

JAZZ ON THE AIR



Erroll Garner with McLellan

By and large, the people who work in jazz, work there before and beyond the usual considerations determining a choice of employment. This means a dedication, because the jazz life, with only a few exceptions, seldom compensates for the devotion. There is seldom the money, seldom the respect, almost never the emotional recompense available from other worthwhile crusades.

But that has to be understood if one is to understand those singular jazz servitors—writers, some management, and most of all disc jockeys—who serve and do wait.

This is no necessary survey of John McLellan's fiscal statement or emotional quotient. But it is a matter of record, especially apropos for the spinner of records, that those on the fringes of jazz have, at best, a fragile promise of survival.

Because he is a successful commercial announcer, McLellan has had a better life than most, but nothing except extraordinary devotion can explain the more than 15 years he has given to an airwave, newsprint, and lecture-form support of jazz.

He began with that touch of the different. Born in Shanghai, in 1926 (his father was YMCA general secretary in China), he was educated there, on the West Coast, and finally in Boston, Mass., where he attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, being graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in electrical engineering, specializing in acoustics, and with side courses in clarinet, harmony, and the history of Western music.

For three years, from 1946, he built and managed XMAG in Nanking, China. In 1949, he worked at WLCR in Torrington, Conn., and then went to Boston, to WBMS, in 1950. Before the year ended, McLellan switched to WHDH in Boston, with which 50,000-watt independent radio and television stations he has been until now.

WHDH long has been a curious station, sometimes like New York City's WNEW. It has always been barely this side of the angels, generally dealing with better pop music but never really committing itself to the programing and personalities it allows and encourages.

In this melange McLellan urged and programed jazz. His *The Top Shelf* was the longest continuous jazz show in New England (10 years). So was his biweekly jazz column for the *Boston Traveler*. And there is amazing continuity as well as quality in his WHDH-TV *The Jazz Scene*.

There are more credits: official emcee at the first and second Newport Jazz Festivals and the first French Lick Jazz Festival; panel discussions far and wide; three years of live broadcasts from Boston's Storyville, two of which programs have become commercial records; liner notes for several companies; most important, his effort in producing and emceeing the valuable *A Living History of Jazz*, a two-hour lecture-concert with music played by Herb Pomeroy's 16-piece band.

No one can measure a career, or its dedication, by such a brief summary. You would perhaps have to live in Boston to have felt his impact or to have attended one of the special showings of the *History* presentation.

As this was being written, McLellan had discontinued his series for the *Traveler*, had put himself on a free-lance basis at WHDH, and joined Concord Control, Inc., a young and dynamic engineering firm, the field in which he had been trained.

What he had not given up is a program unique in jazz, still for WHDH, *The Jazz Scene*, shown in Boston, and in color, the first Wednesday of every month. It is done in conjunction with the Massachusetts Department of Education, produced by the exceptional Virginia Bartlett, winner of *McCall's* Gold Mike Award, and lighted and photographed by the equally exceptional Dick McNamara.

The show is as nearly unrehearsed as it can be. Its emphasis is on informality. The music played, the words spoken, are left to the musicians, and the pay is the bare scale.

Jazz luminaries have appeared: Duke Ellington, Erroll Garner, and Sarah Vaughan. But, at least one-half of the programs are devoted to local talent: Herb Pomeroy, George Wein, Ken McIntyre, Herman Chittison, the Historic Jazz Band, etc. Sometimes, there will be a mixture. In September, as an example, James Moody appeared with a Boston trio led by pianist Jaki Byard.

However it is constructed, the program is pre-eminent, quite beyond its uniqueness. On that program he gives sureness, dignity, and understanding to jazz. In that turvy-topsy world he pays his dues, pays them for many, and the results have been splendid and prolific. This is a program about which jazz can be proud, as Boston can be proud of its jazz and, most particularly, its strongest jazz advocate, John McLellan

—Coss



Kenny Dorham gets the sound he wants on a **Couesnon** (Kwee-non) **MONOPOLE TRUMPET**

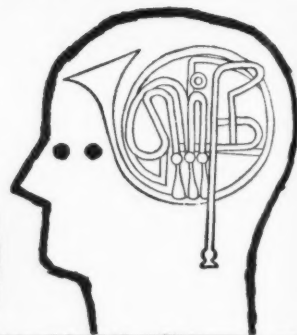
This famous jazz trumpeter and composer, who leads his own group and records for Time Records, always gets the sound quality he requires from his Couesnon Monopole trumpet. It soars and sings amazingly responsive to Kenny's modern musical ideas. Like all Couesnon band instruments, the Couesnon Monopole trumpet is Paris-made . . . flawlessly constructed of French brass, known for its brilliant tone . . . custom-finished to meet top professional requirements. And

talk about playing ease, Couesnon features the concealed "ACTION-FLO" top valve spring, with its own metal covering . . . your assurance of quiet, controlled action plus absolute valve protection. (This unique valve is in *every* Couesnon trumpet.) For top performance, time after time, join Kenny Dorham and the many other outstanding musicians who insist on the sound of quality . . . the sound of Couesnon.

For more details, write to Dept. D-212C for FREE — illustrated catalogue.

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OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

Before I get on with the further adventures of Baskets, Inc., I'd like to get across a slight warning to anyone engaged in free-lance creative work: *beware of opening an office!*

I realize there comes a time in every cat's life when he decides he's just not producing enough from his pad. After all, think of all the distractions. The bar, going back to bed, watching *Young Doctor Malone* on TV, the bar, reading girlie magazines, having friends over for muenster cheese and Thunderbird, putting on storm window salesmen, putting pin-holes in Reynolds Wrap, the bar, looking out your window counting taxicabs, going back to bed, the bar.

At any rate (which is a dumb expression), you soon realize you're just not taking care of business working from the pad. You rent an office. Everything's going to be straightahead now . . . up every morning . . . down to the office . . . Typewriter City . . . no distractions . . . goof-no-more . . . Pete Prolific . . . goodbye, sin and ruin . . . hello, prosperous respectability. At least, that's what I said when I moved into my new office.

Now here's the reason for the warning. In one week I've:

1. Installed a bar.
2. Stocked up on girlie magazines.
3. Learned to go back to bed—*on a desk!*
4. Had 14 office-warming parties.
5. Discovered that my office is only 247,384 steps from Junior's and Charlie's.
6. Put one sheet of paper into the typewriter—a note to the cleaning woman.
7. Fallen behind in my rent.
8. Alienated the chick in the next office (a lingerie designer) by playing Coltrane records all day.
9. Figured out that I'm now paying \$100 a month to be nonproductive.
10. Consulted an attorney who's hip to lease-breaking.

Actually though, maybe it's just that I'm hung on *Young Doctor Malone* . . .

Now, in regard to Baskets, Inc.

First of all, since first I wrote of it, I've been informed that I'm infringing on a copyright. It seems that one night, on a Woody Herman band bus, Nat Pierce created the first basket. All I can say is, I've been led astray (in one of my weaker moments no doubt), and I'll do all in my power to make it up to Nat.

My first thought was to put him in charge of 52nd St. recruitment. In this gig he'll be assigned to:

1. Teach transient college students who listen to Dave Brubeck records the evils of drinking Scotch and ginger ale and the joys of drinking vodka and muscatel with Löwenbrau chasers. (Copyright: W. C. Fields, 1937)
2. Get all arrangers who say, "No more for me, man. I've got to go back to the office and write," to have at least six additional tastes, thus leaving Ralph Burns with no ghost-writers and Jill Cory with an album full of head arrangements.
3. Discourage short-beer drinkers.
4. Explain the advantages of the George Crater Monogrammed Contour Basket to all young musicians found wedged under the bowling machine at Charlie's Tavern.
5. Impress upon Junior that the more free tastes he distributes, the more basket cases he'll produce, the more potential basket customers I'll have, the more bread I'll be pocketing, the quicker I'll be paying my tab! (Naturally, the last bit's an absolute lie, but Junior digs a good laugh now and then.)

At any rate (which is still a dumb expression), Nat Pierce is now an executive vice president and full partner in Baskets, Inc., along with Gene Quill, Phil Woods, Jimmy Campbell, and myself. Therefore, he is fully authorized to take your measurements and orders for a George Crater Monogrammed Contour Basket. So, the next time Woody plays your town, just go over to Nat. He's sitting at the piano—heavy set, glasses, smiling—singing our jingle, "A-tisket, a-tasket, I'm getting in my basket . . ."

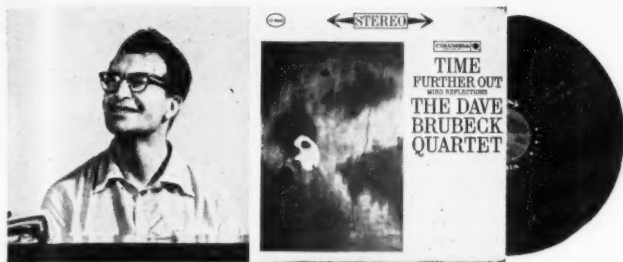
I dug a little squib in the New York *Herald Tribune* a few weeks back that broke me up.

In a little box on the entertainment page, they printed the following:

"In a review of her debut recital at Town Hall published in yesterday's issue of the *Herald Tribune*, Ginia Davis, soprano, was erroneously described as the daughter of Miles Davis, jazz trumpeter. The soprano is the daughter of Meyer Davis, well-known orchestra leader."

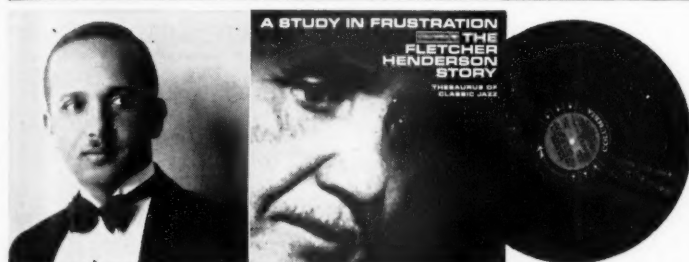
I've given it considerable thought, but I keep coming up with the same conclusion: I doubt that Meyer will ever get over this.

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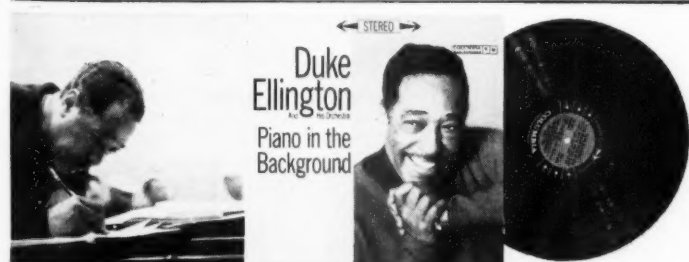
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record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

CLASSICS



Sir Thomas Beecham

MY FAVORITE OVERTURES—Capitol SG-7251: *Le Corsaire*, by Berlioz; *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, by Rossini; *The Fair Melusina* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mendelssohn.

Personnel: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Beecham, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Sir Thomas could handle works of any size or scope (he used to conduct five-hour Wagnerian operas without score), but he was peculiarly suited by temperament to the pop concert literature.

Here he addresses himself to five overtures often identified with his name. Like Toscanini, Beecham steered clear of music he found personally incomprehensible, often resurrecting forgotten pieces such as *Melusina* or quaint things by Gretry. But in his hands everything had life, humor, and meaning.

On his record his Rossini bubbles, his Berlioz postures dramatically, and his Mendelssohn charms—exactly the right approach to each composer. Not the least achievement is the Berlioz, which avoids empty tub-thumping. Excellent sound.

(D.H.)

Julian Bream

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH LUTE MUSIC—RCA Victor Soria Series LD-2560: *Two Almains*, by R. Johnson; *Fantasia*, by J. Johnson; *Walsingham*, by Cutting; *Mignarda*, by Dowland; *Almaine*, by Cutting; *Galliard*, by Rosseter; *Green-sleeves*, by Cutting; *Galliard*, by Dowland; *Pavan*, by Morley; *Corman's Whistle*, by R. Johnson; *Pavan*, by Bulman; *Mousiers Almains*, by Batchelar; *Pavan*, by Holborne; *Batell Galliard*, by Dowland; *Galliard*, by Holborne.

Personnel: Bream, lute.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Starting as a dance-band guitarist, Bream has completed a long journey back in time, his present preoccupation with the lute more and more overshadowing his earlier concern for the classic guitar.

This handsomely packaged release, replete with scholarly notes by musicologist Justin Dart, is filled with excellent musicianship and affecting performances of Elizabethan music, even if 15 lute pieces at a sitting do not constitute the liveliest way to spend an hour.

Most of these pieces seldom stray more than five or six bars away from a full cadence.

Bream, however, calls into play many

of the techniques of the post-Segovia guitarist to vary the sameness, changing registration, for example, by moving the right hand closer to the saddle of the instrument to achieve a bright, metallic sound.

Still, there is a valid question raised by this album: aren't the lute's peculiar thin timbre and small voice distorted by close-up recording? Except for a lighter bass, Bream's lute, as recorded, sounds much like a guitar, without the guitar's warm tone. In person the difference between the instruments is enormous, the lute's relatively reticent and inexpressive voice being exactly what lends it much of its power to evoke olden times.

Bream's playing is everywhere tasteful (even to a fault) and technically secure.

(D.H.)

Callas/Verdi

AIDA BY GIUSEPPE VERDI (excerpts from complete recording)—Angel 35938: *Celeste Aida*; *Ritorna vincitori*; *Act II* duet, *Amneris* and *Aida*; *Triumphal Scene* and *Ballabile*; *O patria mia*; *Act III* duet, *Aida* and *Amonasro*; *Act IV* duet, *Amneris* and *Radames*; *Final Scene*.

Personnel: Maria Callas, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, Fedora Barbieri, voices; La Scala Orchestra and Chorus, Tullio Serafin, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A generous sampling from the best complete *Aida* that money can buy at the moment.

Callas, Tucker, Gobbi, and Barbieri team up in some supercharged ensembles, and when it comes to the great woman herself, it is performances such as this one that make it impossible to refute her fan club's claims for her as this century's foremost singing actress. The voice is not always sure, but the dramatic instinct is.

(D.H.)

Fleisher/Szell

BEETHOVEN PIANO CONCERTOS (complete): *No. 1 in C Major*—Epic LC-3788 and BC-1136; *No. 2 in B Flat Major*; *No. 4 in G Major*—Epic LC-3789 and BC-1137; *No. 5 in C Minor*—Epic LC-3790 and BC-1138; *No. 5 in E Flat Major*—Epic LC-3791 and BC-1139.

Personnel: Leon Fleisher, piano; Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Whatever the acoustic improvements were that went into Cleveland's old Severance Hall recently, the result has meant a lot for Szell's recording fortunes. Both orchestra and piano in these recordings come out of stereo speakers with great richness and yet the sharpest definition and fidelity of registration.

The sober, uncluttered performances themselves are in competition with the very best. Only in *No. 5, Emperor*, is there a real falling off, especially in the second and third movements. The mysterious middle movement of *No. 4*, to my taste, is oversimplified, but that is more desirable than the precious posing that Glenn Gould commits in his recent Columbia release.

(D.H.)

Andres Segovia

MAESTRO SEGOVIA—Decca DL-10039: *Pasques Nos. 5 and 6*, by Luis Milan; *Passacaille*, by Robert de Visse; *Giga Melancolica Largo Assai*, by Joseph Haydn; *Mennet*, by Joseph Haydn; *Zambra Granadina*, by Albeniz; *Gallardas and Espanoleta*, by Gaspar Sanz; *Sonata (Longo 79)*, by D. Scarlatti; *Andante Largo, Rondo*, by Sor; *Song without Words, Op. 30, No. 3*, by Mendelssohn; *Romance de los Pinos*, by Torroba.

Personnel: Segovia, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Maestro means teacher, and the rising crop of classic guitarists ought to return often to such records as this one—not to learn how to rattle off a brilliant tremolo or a breathtaking scale, but to listen to a supreme musical mind at work.

Many of these pieces, all new LP items for Segovia except the *Sor Rondo*, are not virtuoso showpieces, but Segovia extracts from each its full musical sense and plays with a style and color that still are matchless today.

Much in evidence is the deeply introspective quality that has marked Segovia's playing in recent seasons, even the lively *Sor Rondo* taking on melancholy tinges.

(D.H.)

Igor Stravinsky

IGOR STRAVINSKY CONDUCTS, 1961—Columbia ML-5672, MS-6272: *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*; *Double Canon for String Quartet*; *Epitaphium for Flute, Clarinet and Harp*; *Octet for Wind Instruments*; *L'Histoire du Soldat Suite*.

Personnel: Charles Rosen, piano; Israel Baker, Otis Igleman, violins; Sanford Schonbach, viola; George Neikrug, cello; Arthur Gleghorn, James Pellerite, flutes; Kalman Bloch, David Oppenheim, Roy D'Antonio, clarinets; Dorothy Remsen, harp; Don Christlieb, Loren Glickman, Arthur Weisberg, bassoons; Robert Nagel, Theodore Weis, trumpet; Keith Brown, Robert Marsteller, Richard Hixon, trombones; Charles Brady, cornet; Richard Kelley, bass; William Kraft, percussion; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Stravinsky, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Stravinsky and Columbia have corralled half the good musicians in southern California for this recording, which includes three pieces in the Russian master's most recent manner and two masterpieces from his post-World War I period, all under his famously fastidious direction.

The *Movements* are the most forthright step Stravinsky has yet taken along the Webern path toward rigid serial control and economy in his music: the *Double Canon* and the *Epitaphium* last barely one minute apiece, and the *Movements* slightly less than nine minutes in all.

Like so much serial music, Stravinsky's efforts sound more like the gropings toward art than art itself, but with genius it is always best to reserve judgment.

Certainly the two large works on this record wear well, *L'Histoire du Soldat* especially retaining all its bite and wit despite its years and the *Octet* continuing to send out shock waves for its virtuosic wind writing. The assorted musicians play everything with obvious enthusiasm and technical perfection. The sound is superior, and stereo a must, particularly for the wind pieces.

(D.H.)

JAZZ



Art Blakey

MEET YOU AT THE JAZZ CORNER OF THE WORLD, VOL. 1—Blue Note 4054: *The Opener; What Know?; The Theme; 'Round About Midnight; The Breeze and I*. Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This, the first of two Blakey albums recorded by Blue Note at Birdland, is probably the last session by this edition of the Messengers, for both Timmons and Morgan left soon afterwards to form their own groups.

In any event, the group is in fine form here, roaring with sizzling abandon through four medium-to-up-tempo tunes with the relentless, bristling hard drive that has characterized every edition of the Messengers Blakey has captained.

It's the same format, too; bopish thematic statements framing lengthy explorations by each of the soloists. In such a procedure, the merit is perforce determined by the interest of the melodic statement and by the content of the various solo segments. In this respect, this disc is about par for the usual club blowing date.

The general level is a consistently high one, a situation by now almost taken for granted.

The three soloists, if not coming across with anything especially new or unexpected, at least play with their usual fluency and fire, and the rhythm support is what one expects of a Blakey unit—highly volatile.

The most arresting piece on the album is *What Know?*, an intriguing Morgan original with a fresh, eccentric melodic feel that stimulates the quintet into its best, most ardent work. This number contains some fine, sensitive, well-modeled playing by Timmons, and there is a delightful sotto-voce entry by the two horns behind his cluster-note solo that builds to a gradual, plosive climax. It's one of the high spots of the disc.

Whether you'll go for this collection depends in large measure on how many blowing dates you've heard lately. This is one of the most impassioned and successful I've heard in some time. (P.W.)

Bob Brookmeyer

7 x WILDER—Verve 8413: *While We're Young; That's the Way It Goes; The Wrong Blues; It's So Peaceful in the Country; Blues for Alec; Who Can I Turn To?; I'll Be Around*.

Personnel: Brookmeyer, piano, valve trombone; Jim Hall, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Chamber jazz of a high order results when this foursome explores the rewarding music of Alec Wilder (and in all the recent attention that has been given to recording the works of top-flight popular composers it is surprising that as distin-

guished a composer as Wilder has been overlooked until now).

Although Brookmeyer is the leader and may have a shade more solo opportunity than the others, this is a closely integrated quartet in which Crow and Lewis contribute valuable colors to the ensembles as well as moving into discreet solo positions as times.

In general, the group is most effective when Brookmeyer is playing piano, not only because he has a delightfully airy way of sketching his ideas on the piano but also because the galumphing comedy that he tends to inject in his trombone work, and which can often be the saving grace of a routine piece, is sometimes out of character in these far-from-routine selections.

Hall's solos are lean and strongly rhythmic, steering clear of much of the reflective lint-picking that he is likely to fall into. The set reaches a high point on the least known of these Wilder tunes, *Wrong Blues*, which Brookmeyer develops as a lovely, probing piano solo. (J.S.W.)

Louis Cottrell

BOURBON STREET—Riverside 385; *Perdido; Bourbon Street Parade; Three Little Words; Sayles' Broken String Blues; Sheik of Araby; Drag's Turnaround Blues; Rose Room; Yellow Dog Blues; Runnin' Wild; Blues for Dixie; What a Friend I Have in Jesus*.

Personnel: Cottrell, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles, guitar; McNeil Breaux or Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Cottrell's father was "Old Man Cottrell," one of the legendary figures in jazz. He is reputed to have set the pattern of drumming in New Orleans jazz and was a member of the fabled Emanuel Perez-Lorenzo Tio group that was in Chicago in the early '20s.

Louis Cottrell studied with Tio, and the liner notes make the claim that he is "the foremost exponent of the Tio school in New Orleans today." This is a moot point and depends entirely how you describe the genealogy of the New Orleans clarinet (is the Tio heritage limited to Negro musicians?), but, regardless, Cottrell does have the supple control and beautiful tone that Tio is said to have brought to the New Orleans clarinet style.

But he hasn't the depth, passion, or vision that other New Orleans clarinetists have had, and, consequently, the listening interest lags on almost all of these tracks. His improvisations are brightened by an occasional phrase that seems to promise that he has reached a groove, but the listener is left in dangling disappointment.

Sales' time and solos and Breaux's bass (Pavageau plays only on *Drag's*) are important assets. Sales is a well-trained musician, and if he has more polish than his country kin, he also knows the blues as well the country blues men. (G.M.E.)

Grant Green

GREEN STREET—Blue Note 4071: *No. 1 Green Street; 'Round About Midnight; Grant's Dimensions; Green with Envy; Alone Together*.

Personnel: Green, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Green, who had to fight his way through a muffling organ accompaniment on his first Blue Note disc, emerges unfettered in this set and shows an attack that stems from Charlie Christian—the effortlessly

rolling pulsation and the shifty, off-balance phrasing—without betraying him as simply a Christian imitator.

His notes are clean, deliberate, and full-bodied, avoiding both the clangor of some post-Christian guitarists and the muddiness of recent soul-influenced guitar men. He plays with a strong singing quality on both ballads and up-tempo swingers. His ideas are fresh without stretching for effect. He is working time-worn and time-proved jazz territory in a manner that shows how lastingly useful the basic elements of jazz can be in firmly creative hands.

Green is effective on ballads, but he is at his best on the comfortably paced, warmly swinging originals that take up the bulk of the space here. Although the set is thoroughly unpretentious, it has tremendous vitality and drive without indulging in any ostentatious hard-breathing. This alone constitutes news in these soul-ridden days. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Harris

MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE—Vee Jay 3025: *My Buddy; Willow; Weep for Me; Spartacus; Mighty Like a Rose; God Bless the Child; Sally T; Fontessa; There Is No Time*.

Personnel: Harris, tenor saxophone; Joe Dorio, guitar; Willie Pickens, piano; William Yancy, bass; Harold Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Harris' high, piping tenor saxophone picks its deliberate way through most these pieces, none of which hits the vein he struck on *Exodus*, although he is obviously trying. His problem, in fact, seems to be that, having struck once with this stylized attack, he must go back to it again in an attempt to follow up.

He comes closest on *God Bless*, played first as a brooding saxophone and guitar duet and then as a saxophone solo building over an intensifying rhythm accompaniment.

On *Sally T* he loosens up and swings out in more open manner but without very startling results. Aside from *Child*, this is a wan venture into jazz. (J.S.W.)

Herbie Mann

THE FAMILY OF MANN—Atlantic 1371: *Why Don't You Do Right?; Guinean; The Puppet; Shein Yi Di Levone; Moanin'; This Little Girl of Mine; The Song of Delilah; An Privave*.

Personnel: Mann, flutes; Knobby Totah, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Ray Mantilla, Ray Barretto, percussion. Tracks 2-5, 7, 8—add Dave Pike, vibraphone, marimba. Tracks 1, 6—add Daniel Gonzalez, Joe Silva, Jose Andreu, violins; Charlie Palmieri, piano; Juan Garcia, bass; Willie Rodriguez, percussion. Tracks 3, 5—add Leo Ball, Siddy Schatz, Johnny Bello, Jerry Kail, trumpets.

Rating: ★ ★

There are any number of happy moments in this attractive, though essentially lightweight, album, which finds flautist Mann's Afro-Cuban-styled outfit highlighted (if that's the word) against the sugary decoctions of a string section on two selections and against a strident four-trumpet cushion on an additional pair.

His sextet is heard without the benefit of the added pieces on four tunes, and among them may be found the only satisfying developments on the disc.

I am rather uncertain as to what Mann is trying to do here. On the one hand he talks quite volubly about the relationship of his Afro-Jazz Sextet to the jazz tradition and the group's proved ability to use jazz as a means of universal communication (constant references in the notes to his

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPER'S LP GUIDE

To help the Christmas shopper select albums for his record collecting friends (and to help the collectors make a list for Saint Nick), *Down Beat* has compiled this list of 1961's top-rated jazz, vocal, and reissue albums. Use this guide as a handy check list.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ Rev. Gary Davis-Pink Anderson, (vocal) *Gospel, Blues and Street Songs* (Riverside 148)
- ☐ *The Charles Bell Contemporary Jazz Quartet* (Columbia 1582)
- ☐ Berklee School Students, *Jazz in the Classroom, Vol. V.* (Berklee Records 5)
- ☐ John Coltrane, *Lush Life* (Prestige 7188) ☐ *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic 1361)
- ☐ Hank Crawford, *More Soul* (Atlantic 1356)
- ☐ Teddy Edwards-Howard McGhee, *Together Again!* (Contemporary 3588)
- ☐ Gil Evans, *Out of the Cool* (Impulse 4)
- ☐ Art Farmer, *Art* (Argo 678)
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter (vocal) (Verve 4049)
- ☐ *The Exciting Big Band of Terry Gibbs* (Verve 2151)
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie, *A Portrait of Duke Ellington* (Verve 8386) ☐ *Gillespiana* (Verve 8394) ☐ *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* (reissue) (RCA Victor 2398)
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *Swing Classics* (RCA Victor 2318)
- ☐ *A Study in Frustration: The Fletcher Henderson Story* (reissue) (Columbia C4L 19)
- ☐ Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Autobiography in Blues* (Tradition 1040) ☐ *The Rooster Crowed in England* ("77" Records 77LA 12-1)
- ☐ Blind Lemon Jefferson, *Vol. 2* (vocal reissue) (Riverside 136)
- ☐ Mance Lipscomb (vocal) (Arhoolie 1001)
- ☐ Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603)
- ☐ Modest Jazz Trio, *Good Friday Blues* (Pacific Jazz 10)
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard (Verve 8396)
- ☐ Montgomery Brothers, *Groove Yard* (Riverside 326)
- ☐ Charlie Parker, *Historical Recordings, Vols. 1-3* (Le Jazz Cool 101)
- ☐ Max Roach, *Freedom Now Suite* (Candid 9002)
- ☐ Lester Flatt-Earl Scruggs, (vocal) *Foggy Mountain Banjo* (Columbia 8364)
- ☐ Frank Sinatra, (vocal) *Ring-a-Ding-Ding* (Reprise 1001)
- ☐ Various Artists, (vocal) *Country Negro Jam Session* (Folk-Lyric 111)
- ☐ Various Artists, (reissue) *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz, Vols. I-IV* (Columbia C4L 18)
- ☐ Robert Pete Williams, (vocal) *Free Again* (Prestige/Bluesville 1026)
- ☐ Lem Winchester, *Another Opus* (Prestige/New Jazz 8244)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- ☐ Louis Armstrong, (reissue) *A Rare Batch of Satch* (RCA Victor 2322)
- ☐ *The Bix Beiderbecke Legend* (reissue) (RCA Victor 2323)
- ☐ Bob Brookmeyer, *The Blues—Hot and Cold* (Verve 68385)
- ☐ *The Bill Broonzy Story* (vocal) (Verve 3000-5)
- ☐ *The Modern Sound of Betty Carter* (vocal) (ABC-Paramount 363)
- ☐ Ray Charles, *The Genius after Hours* (Atlantic 1369)
- ☐ John Coltrane, *Coltrane Jazz* (Atlantic 1334)
- ☐ Ted Curson, *Plenty of Horn* (Old Town 2003)
- ☐ *Steamin' with the Miles Davis Quintet* (Prestige 7200)
- ☐ *This Is Walt Dickerson* (Prestige/New Jazz 8254)
- ☐ Benny Golson, *Gettin' with It* (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)
- ☐ Jon Hendricks, (vocal) *Evolution of the Blues* (Columbia 8383)
- ☐ Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightnin' in New York* (Candid 8010)
- ☐ Franz Jackson, *A Night at the Red Arrow* (Pinnacle 103)
- ☐ Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants (Riverside 343)
- ☐ Lonnie Johnson, (vocal) *Ballads and Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1011)
- ☐ Yusef Lateef, *The Centaur and the Phoenix* (Riverside 337)
- ☐ *A Date with the Mastersounds* (Fantasy 3316)
- ☐ Blue Mitchell, *Smooth as the Wind* (Riverside 367)
- ☐ Joe Newman, *Good 'n' Groovy* (Prestige/Swingville 2019)
- ☐ North Texas Jazz Lab Band (90th Floor Records 904)
- ☐ Charlie Parker, *Bird Is Free* (Charlie Parker 401)
- ☐ George Russell, *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca 9219)
- ☐ Bill Russo, *Seven Deadly Sins* (Roulette 52063)
- ☐ Various Artists, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion* (Warwick 5003)
- ☐ Various Artists, (vocal) *Blues 'n' Trouble* (Arhoolie 101)
- ☐ Randy Weston Live at the Five Spot (United Artists 5066)
- ☐ Robert Pete Williams/Hogman Maxey/Guitar Welch, (vocal) *Angola Prisoner's Blues* (Folk Lyric A-3)
- ☐ Big Joe Williams, (vocal) *Piney Woods Blues* (Delmar 602)

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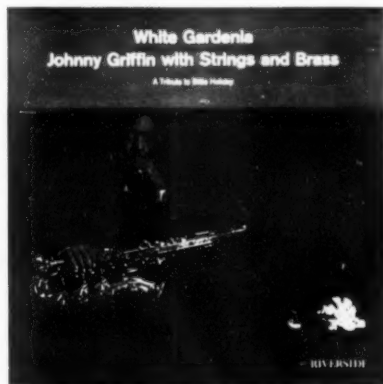
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Great Expectations... After a while, when a record label has given you outstanding and unusual performance time after time, you come to expect the best from them. If that's what you've come to expect on Riverside, you'll get all you're looking for on this most remarkable new album: Rich, mostly ballad-tempo tenor sax by Johnny Griffin, floating atop superb arrangements by Melba Liston and Norman Simmons in a deeply moving and truly beautiful instrumental tribute to Billie Holiday (God Bless the Child, Gloomy Sunday, Don't Explain, Travelin' Light, six others). **White Gardenia: Johnny Griffin with Strings and Brass** (RLP 387; Stereo 9387)

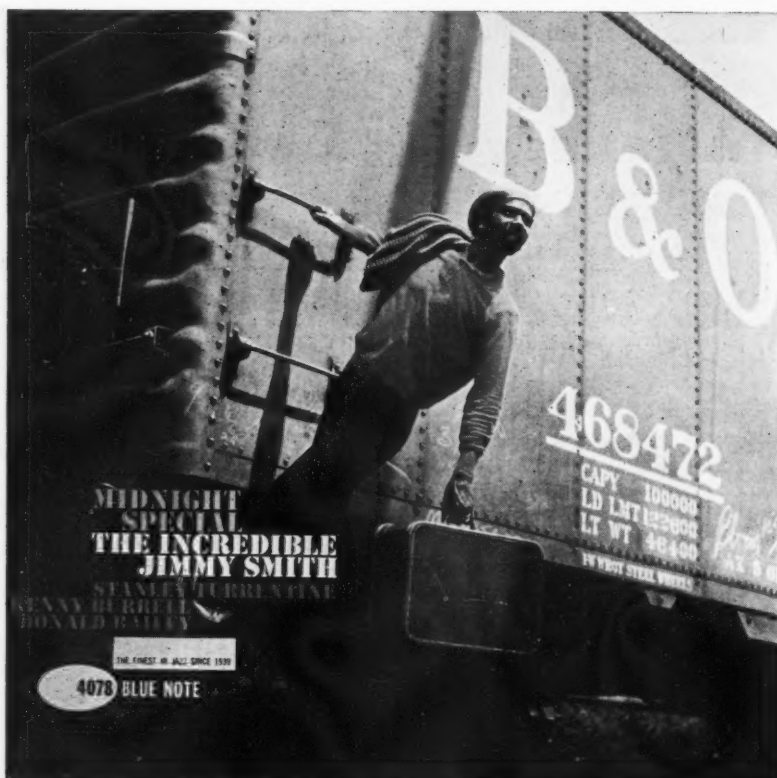


Other recent Riverside LPs that justify "great expectations" include CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, Orchestra: *African Waltz* (RLP 377; Stereo 9377); The CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet *Plus* (RLP 388; Stereo 9388); WES MONTGOMERY: *So Much Guitar!* (RLP 382; Stereo 9382); BILL EVANS Trio: *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (RLP 376; Stereo 9376).

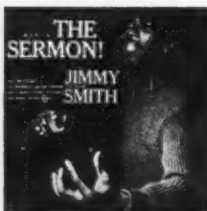
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ANTA tour, etc.), yet on the other hand the jazz content on this—as in the group's previous LP—offering is remarkably low.

The Afro-Cuban rhythms are interesting in a mild way but actually rather unadventurous in their usage. Each of the eight tracks on this disc finds the rhythm accompaniment almost identical. After a while, it loses all impact and becomes a constant. Then the listener is thrown back on the melodic content of the music. I don't blame him if he comes away feeling cheated; I know I did.

Do Right and *Little Girl* bog down from the start in the heavy-handed glucosity of the string accompaniments; fortunately they are short pieces. Moreover, they don't have the presence of vibist Pike to redeem them, as he does for *Moanin'* and *Puppet*, on which the trite bellicosity of the trumpet quartet threatens to overwhelm the group. The latter piece serves as a showcase for Pike, whose flowing, melodic playing—heavily indebted to Lionel Hampton—is the brightest element in the album.

Of the remaining four numbers — all played by the sextet — *Delilah* has all the incisive passion of a Meyer Davis interpretation; and both *Guinean*, a sprightly Mann original, and *Shein*, a Yiddish tune with the flavor but not the sinew of Randy Weston's *Little Niles*, after promising beginnings, expend themselves in pointless extemporisation of a faintly exotic nature.

Parker's *Au Privave* is perhaps the most satisfying piece in the whole dispiriting collection. Not having a quasi-exotic melody line to sidetrack them, the six dig in to produce the closest thing to jazz on either side.
(P.W.)

Charlie Mingus

PRE-BIRD—Mercury 20627: *Take the A Train* (Exactly Like You); *Prayer for Passive Resistance*; *Eclipse*; *Mingus Fingus No. 2*; *Weird Nightmare*; *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me* (I Let a Song Go out of My Heart); *Bemoanable Lady*; *Half-Mast Inhibition*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 3, 5, 6—Mingus, bass; Ted Curson, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Yusuf Lateef, Eric Dolphy, Joe Farrell, Booker Ervin, reeds; Roland Hanna, Paul Bley, piano; Danny Richmond, drums; Lorraine Cousins, vocals. Tracks 4, 7, 8—Mingus, bass; Curson, Marcus Belgrave, Hobart Dotson, Clark Terry, Richard Williams, trumpets; Knepper, Slide Hampton, Charles Greenlee, Eddie Bert, trombones; Dolphy, Farrell, Lateef, John LaPorta, William Barron Jr., Danny Bank, saxophones; Robert DiDomenico, flute; Harry Shulman, oboe; Don Butterfield, tuba; Hanna, piano; Charlie McCracken, cello; Richmond, George Scott, Sticks Evans, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Which jazz critic d'ya read? Martin Williams, in the notes and elsewhere, mentions Mingus as one representative of what he calls "the new thing" (others include Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor). Conversely, LeRoi Jones, writing in *Metronome* does not list the bassist in his discussion of the jazz avant garde. Neither writer sees fit to include what I consider to be two of the more obvious nominees: Miles Davis and John Coltrane.

All these categorizations are arbitrary and often operate more to obscure the music than to clarify it. Given that they seem to be seeking the same ends, what, after all, do Coleman and Taylor really have in common in their respective approaches? More pertinently, what is gained by including or excluding Mingus from the "new thing," jazz avant garde, or what have you? Forget the lists and the

PROGRESS REPORT



From: VERVE RECORDS

With the new year coming on, we'd like to take a couple of columns to bring you up to date on the recent action at Verve. There are some new faces and sounds on the label that has always been first in jazz. And, of course, there are works by the familiar names that have given Verve its stature over the years. Now, let's review briefly Verve's recent releases (among which are some albums we feel are the most exciting in all of jazz!) and take a glimpse at projects set for early '62.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: The new major jazz work by J. J. Johnson, Perceptions, written for Dizzy Gillespie and conducted by Gunther Schuller was premiered at Monterey this year. It is a jazz must (V/V6-8411). A Concert In Jazz presents Gerry Mulligan and the concert jazz orchestra performing works by George Russell, Johnny Carisi, Gerry, Bob Brookmeyer and other moderns (V/V6-8415). Piece For Clarinet And String Orchestra/Mobiles are extended compositions by Jimmy Giuffre, performed by the composer with the string section of the Sudwestfunk Orchestra (V/V6-8395). Motion is Lee Konitz at his mature and creative best, backed by only bass and drums (V/V6-8399). 7X Wilder presents the works of Alec Wilder played by the Bob Brookmeyer 4; loose and happy jazz (V/V6-8413). In A Latin Bag introduces Cal Tjader on Verve, with more of the exciting jazz for which he's become famous (V/V6-8419). The Trio, of course, is Oscar Peterson's. This set was recorded live in Chicago and roars from note one (V/V6-8420). Stan Getz/Bob Brookmeyer were re-united last September, and the minutes of the meeting swing (V/V6-8418).

IN THE MAINSTREAM: Blue Hodge presents Johnny Hodges with Wild Bill Davis on organ and Les Spann on guitar (V/V6-8406).

Mis'ry And The Blues is Jack Teagarden all the way (V/V6-8416). Percussion King introduces Gene Krupa's new percussion section in big band versions of swinging classics (V/V6-8414). Trav'lin' Light is pure Anita O'Day (V/V6-2157). Blues Caravan turns Buddy Rich and his group loose on swinging standards and originals (V/V6-8425). Boss Tenors re-unites Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt in a cutting contest (V/V6-8426). Kai Ole spots Kai Winding's trombones with wild Latin-American rhythms (V/V6-8427).

JAZZ ESSENTIALS: A new series of albums no collector can afford to miss. Classics now available include The Essential Charlie Parker (V-8409), The Essential Billie Holiday, Lady's 1956 Carnegie Hall concert (V-8410), The Essential Lester Young (V-8398), and The Essential Count Basie (V-8407).

ELLA FITZGERALD: The First Lady of Song has a live set cut in Hollywood, Ella In Hollywood (V/V6-4052) and a swinging set of great standards, Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie (V/V6-4053).

BLUES/GOSPEL: Three volumes of songs from Big Bill Broonzy's Last Session are at last available: (V-3001, V-3002, V-3003). Sister Rosetta Tharpe sings her favorites in Sister On Tour (V/V6-3005).

THINGS TO COME: Gil Evans/Bill Evans, the jazz meeting of the year! An Electrifying Evening With Dizzy Gillespie, recorded live at Diz's Museum of Modern Art Concert...Focus, the new extended work by Eddie Sauter, written for Stan Getz and strings...The Essential Art Tatum... An exciting extended composition featuring Anita O'Day...Thesis, a new statement by the Jimmy Giuffre 3...The first album by Bob Brookmeyer's new group, featuring Clark Terry...Sister Rosetta Tharpe recorded live in concert...Oscar Peterson's trio with Milt Jackson...and many, many more. Last year, this year, next year, any year...



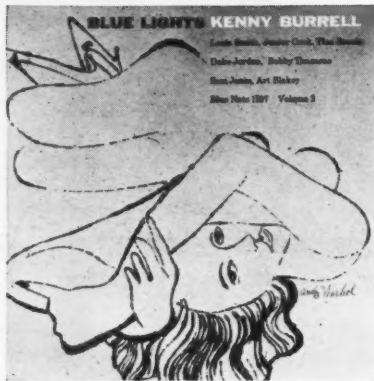
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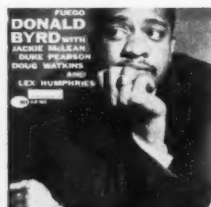
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list-makers (this writer included). What remains is Mingus, clearly a giant, an Original Figure, to be mentioned in the same breath with Monk, Miles, and the rest. (What? Back to lists so soon?)

This album primarily, though not entirely, features Mingus the composer, rather than Mingus the fiery bassist. In the back of our minds we all know that Mingus can write with the best, but this sometimes is overlooked in the heat of a typical performance. In this set of eight pieces we have a welcome reminder of this writing ability, shedding, as it does, new light on the artist as a young man. The title refers to the fact that all compositions were written before Mingus played with Charlie Parker and other early boppers.

The influence of Duke Ellington on Mingus is well known. Here it is explicit. *A Train* and *Do Nothin'* are, of course, obvious, and *Fingus* is scarcely less so.

Still, Mingus is not content to copy Ellington; he must *build* upon him.

This he can do, for he shares with Ellington common abilities: writing for individual men rather than instruments and making dissonances seem logically demanded by contexts, to name but two. Moreover, sidemen almost always seem to sound just a bit better with each leader than on their own, one of the crucial tests of a leader in jazz.

Eclipse and *Nightmare*, the two compositions with vocals, are relatively slight by contrast with the other material. As self-consciously "weird" as the score for a science-fiction film, they are the product of a young man's imagination, and we need not pay them undue attention. *Nightmare* contains a stunning introduction by Mingus.

The Mingus of this period is too religious a man to take us to the Holiness Church. His *Prayer* is no more than that. Lateef's tenor, now pleading and cajoling, now demanding, now protesting, and—finally—serene, captures the spirit perfectly.

As with the pieces dedicated—for that is what they are—to Ellington, Mingus demonstrates how early experiences can be utilized later for inspiration without the necessity of becoming their slave, as some of the latter-day Gospellers seem in danger of doing.

A solo vehicle for Dolphy, *Bemoanable* contains the merest hint of a further genuflection toward Ellington. Dolphy is more appealing than I heretofore have heard. The unresolved brass chord that Mingus throws up by way of climax is a startling but humorous touch.

Written when Mingus was only 18, *Half-Mast* is surely the piece de resistance. Of that period Mingus recalls, "Jazz to me was Duke and church, but I thought all music was one . . . jazz, symphony. That's the bag I was working out of then."

Such a delightful attitude, innocent of critical hair-splittings, is reflected in the music. Full of somber brass and cello, pensive woodwinds, disconnected rhythmic patters, one can hear in it Sibelius, Copland, Ellington—in short, everything Mingus himself was hearing. Were it extended to symphony length, such a work probably could provide its composer with a fellowship and the first step on a "legitimate"

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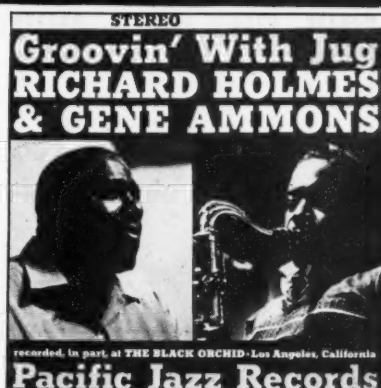
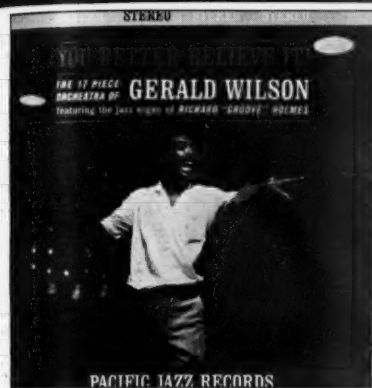
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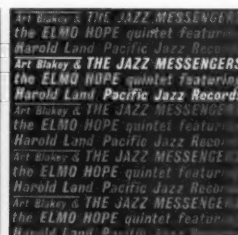
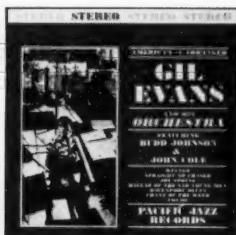
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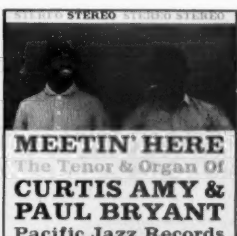
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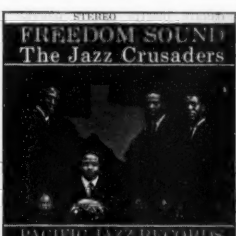
GERALD WILSON has formed one of the most impressive big bands to be heard in many years. The band and Wilson's marvelous arranging skill is used to advantage both as an instrumental force on "You Better Believe It" (featuring RICHARD HOLMES, PJ-34) and as an effective backdrop for the amazing vocal debut of LES McCANN (PJ-31); speaking of Holmes, his collaboration with GENE AMMONS ("Groovin' With Jug" PJ-32) has produced one of the really exciting albums of the year.



RICHARD HOLMES' debut album ("Groove" PJ-23) with BEN WEBSTER and LES McCANN is already an enormous success; the remarkable CARMELL JONES is heard for the first time as leader in a powerful offering that features HAROLD LAND (PJ-29); "America's #1 Arranger," GIL EVANS (PJ-28) shows ample reason for his unique status; LES McCANN reveals an especially rewarding side of his musical personality in an all ballad album ("Pretty Lady" PJ-25); and two of this year's most important groups (JAZZ MESSENGERS/ELMO HOPE, PJ-33) are heard in extended performances.



New tenor star CURTIS AMY in three strong sets: "Groovin' Blue" (PJ-19) co-stars drummer FRANK BUTLER and features CARMELL JONES, "Meetin' Here" (PJ-26) and "The Blues Message" (PJ-9) are co-led by organist PAUL BRYANT; the jazz find of the year, LES McCANN, is heard in two exciting "live" club performances: the first ("The Shout" PJ-7) was recorded at The Bit in Hollywood, and the other (PJ-16) at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop.



Two more examples of the trumpet of CARMELL JONES, both under the leadership of the durable BUD SHANK: one, a meaty blues-oriented set aptly titled, "New Groove" (PJ-21), the other Shank's unusual sound-track music from "Barefoot Adventure" (PJ-25); "Freedom Sound" (PJ-27) presents an especially promising new group, THE JAZZ CRUSADERS; "The Genius of GERRY MULLIGAN" (PJ-8) offers one of jazz' authentic giants; "This Is The Blues" (PJ-30) is an amalgam of important men in a distinguished all blues set...

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career. Mingus chose jazz instead. Further
albums in this series are an imperative.

Perhaps it is not entirely wishful think-
ing to hope that Mingus will be permitted
to conduct such a series in public perform-
ance. The Monterey Jazz Festival would
provide an ideal setting; it is not too early
to begin planning. (F.K.)

Hank Mobley

ROLL CALL—Blue Note 4058: *Roll Call*; *My
Groove*; *Your Move*; *Take Your Pick*; *A Baptist
Beat*; *The More I See You*; *The Breakdown*.
Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Mobley,
tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Cham-
bers, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a rousing, extroverted session
propelled by the blazing drums of the orig-
inal Angry Man, Art Blakey. The horns are
forthright and unrestrained, and of the two,
trumpeter Hubbard is the more impressive.
This young jazzman continues to develop
into one of the most forceful of talents. His
playing is blessed with the gift of lyricism,
and it is in the area of melodic invention
that his major bent lies. To these ears,
Hubbard is the star of *Roll Call*.

Mobley, while playing strongly and with
a degree of individualism refreshing in
these dog days of conformity, remains a
limited inventor. His tone is big and robust.
His approach to a solo is healthily mascu-
line. But he seems to stop short of giving
full satisfaction once he gets fully launched.

Blakey is the essence of drive, of thun-
derous propulsion, of keeping the rhythmic
pulse jumping behind the front line but
always in strict cahoots with the piano and
bass of Kelly and Chambers. He has been
accused of lacking taste; it is more accurate-
ly put that he lacks inhibition.

If this session lacks anything, it is the
inbred discipline of such as the Horace
Silver group. There are moments of uneven-
ness here in the tenor-trumpet passages,
but, all in all, the spirit is fine; the vigor
is there, and certainly the professional pro-
ficiency is unquestioned. Kelly solos to tell-
ing effect, as does Chambers when called
upon.

In the last analysis, though, the session
is Hubbard's. It will be worth waiting to
watch this musician grow tall. (J.A.T.)

Dick Morgan

SETTLIN' IN—Riverside 383: *Serenata*; *Bash!*;
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; *Mr.
Wonderful*; *If I Should Lose You*; *Settlin' In*;
Take the A Train; *Work Song*; *I'll Take Romance*;
Just in Time.

Personnel: Morgan, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass;
Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★

With his third Riverside effort, Morgan
consolidates even further his position as
the uncontested master of the cocktail
piano style.

Employing a glib, sparkling approach
that blends certain surface elements of
Erroll Garner, Wynton Kelly, Red Gar-
land, et al., Morgan picks his dainty way
with commendable precision through these
10 pieces, never once allowing the faintest
glimmer of originality, emotional commit-
ment, or personality to shine through.

Surely he is to be commended for his
having raised blandness to its highest
power thus far. The album title is apt
but incomplete; the noun "Paralysis" was
omitted. (P.W.)

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on Jazzland,..... the fastest-growing name in jazz — a remarkable merger of talents creates a memorable album: To give credit where it's due, the idea wasn't ours—it was George Shearing's. From the first moment the brilliant pianist heard the Montgomerys (Wes, Buddy and Monk) play together, he was eager to get with them. The result, after much sitting-in and rehearsing led to a most happy couple of recording sessions, is this delightful and exciting, lyrical and swinging album—available November 15th. The inimitable Shearing piano, Wes Montgomery's revolutionary guitar style, Buddy's soulful vibes, and Monk's wonderfully firm bass combine to produce one of the most truly *satisfying* jazz albums you've ever encountered: Love Walked In, Stranger in Paradise, Love for Sale, The Lamp Is Low and seven other great standards and originals. **GEORGE SHEARING AND THE MONTGOMERY BROTHERS** (JLP 55; Stereo 955)

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Don Sleet

ALL MEMBERS — Jazzland 45: *Brooklyn Bridge*; *Secret Love*; *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*; *Fast Company*; *But Beautiful*; *All Members*; *The Hearing*.

Personnel: Sleet, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Sleet is a fine young trumpet player who seems destined to make it. This album is a fairly consistent representation of his progress to date. He is, for instance, much further along than his recent recorded outing with the Four Souls would indicate. His tone is leveling off. His phrasing now is varied, and he is constructing interesting solos, with contrast and color.

Sleet's work on *Secret Love* contains some of his strengths and weaknesses: a light tone that yet has body, indicating depth of tonal expression as well as color, and though his solo begins and ends well, in the middle of it he falters and falls into the reliable scale progressions to untangle himself.

Again, he is unsure in his opening statement of *But Beautiful*. This tune, while it contains some favorable indications of his ability to handle a ballad tempo with sensitivity, is not a strong one in the album.

The rhythm section is good. It is the old pro, Kelly, who leads the young Sleet out of the forest each time he falters. Kelly tackles this job with forging directness. His work on *But Beautiful* and *Secret Love* is particularly noteworthy.

Carter is developing into a reliable rhythm mate. He is consistently strong and pulsating in section work and has his most interesting solo on *Brooklyn*.

Heath's role on this date apparently is horn contrast, for he makes no other contribution indicative of his ability. His playing on *All Members* is deserving of mention, however.

On *The Hearing*, Sleet parades most of his trumpet influences. Although he fluffs a high note here and there, this tune has some of his most imaginative and adventurous work.

A pleasant date recording a developing jazzman among more mature musicians. (B.G.)

Bill Smith

FOLK JAZZ—Contemporary 3591: *A-Roving*; *Greensleeves*; *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*; *John Henry*; *Wayloring Stranger*; *Three Blind Mice*; *Go Down, Moses*; *Blow the Man Down*; *Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair*; *Rueben, Rueben*.

Personnel: Smith, clarinet; Jim Hall, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Smith's probing of folk tunes on clarinet inevitably moves onto ground on which Jimmy Giuffre already has tramped about.

But whereas Giuffre made up most of his material and thus was dealing with what amounted to pseudo-folk. Smith at least has strong, proved matter as the basis for his playing. Furthermore, he is not the limited clarinetist that Giuffre is although when he goes mulling in the lower register he becomes a slightly trimmer version of Giuffre. But he goes aroving much more freely on his instrument in an airy manner that crosses suggestions of Tony Scott with his Giuffreisms.

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What all this results in is a group of low-keyed performances that are given a feeling of vitality by the lithe rhythm section. Despite some good solos by Smith and Hall, this is constricted, cramped music that has the feeling of having been played in a closet. (J.S.W.)

Billy Taylor

INTERLUDE—Prestige/Moodsville 16; *You Tempt Me; Did You Dream, Too?; You're All That Matters; Interlude; You're Mine; My Heart Sings; I Sigh; Here Today, Gone Tomorrow Love; All Alone.*

Personnel: Taylor, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Ray Mosca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Taylor, the romantic, is in complete charge of this disc.

He has produced a succession of soft, melodic performances that refuse to be relegated to the background-music category because the tunes, and Taylor's evocative manner of developing them, keep catching at the ear even while their very gentleness tends to lull it.

One of the most interesting aspects of the set is the fact that all these tunes are Taylor originals. They show a remarkably fertile melodic gift, for it is the basic melodiousness of these performances that are their most consistent attraction. Even though the tunes tend to be all very much in the same vein—easygoing, floating ballads—Taylor mines this vein so perceptively that he avoids too much of a feeling of sameness.

This is one of the most attractive sets that Taylor has recorded and, within its small area, probably his most consistent. (J.S.W.)

Jack Teagarden

MIS'RY AND THE BLUES—Verve 8416; *Don't Tell a Man About His Woman; Basin Street Blues; Froggie Moore Blues; I Don't Want to Miss Mississippi; It's All in Your Mind; Mis'ry and the Blues; Dixieland One-Step; Love Lies; Afternoon in August; Peaceful Valley.*

Personnel: Teagarden, trombone, vocals; Don Goldie, trumpet; Henry Cuesta, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Shay Torrent, organ; Stan Puls, bass; Barrett Deems, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The amazingly long-lasting glory of Teagarden's singing and trombone playing are given a worthy presentation in this set, which comes closer to catching the essence of his work than any of his earlier LP collections.

Here are the off-beat ballads that Teagarden seems to like, often songs that seem little short of awful until he works them over with that big, lazy-along voice and his gorgeously lustrous trombone.

Two of his songs this time come from the works of Willard Robison, a relatively unappreciated writer (and performer) whose idiom is a perfect match for the Teagarden approach. There's a lively bow to Dixieland (*One-Step*), a style that wastes much of Teagarden's talent although it enables his pianist, Ewell, to romp off in fine style. And there's a Teagarden classic, *Basin Street Blues*, which holds up with remarkable consistency so far as Teagarden's contributions are concerned and is given an added fillip, this time by Goldie's big-voiced, glistening trumpet solo.

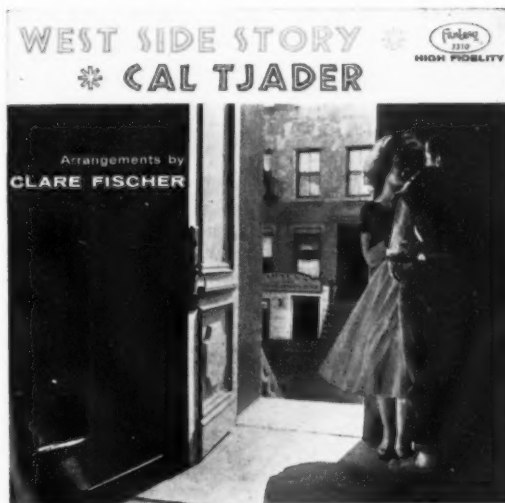
In fact, aside from permitting Teagarden to be heard in comfortable circumstances, this set is especially notable for the playing of Goldie, who is developing into a soloist

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—John S. Wilson

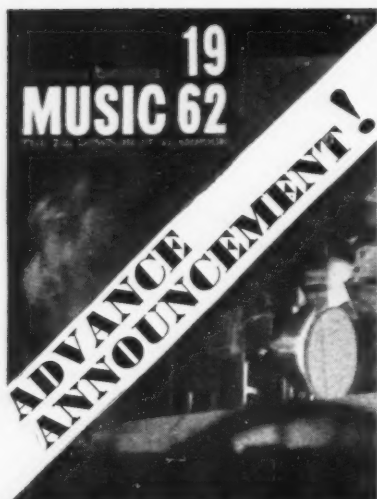
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of such stature that he can stand up and challenge Teagarden himself. His work all through this set is superb—sensitive, lyrical, and beautifully projected with a tone that matches Teagarden's glorious sound on trombone.

Ewell stays in the background most of the time, but, in addition to his *One-Step* solo, he has a full-fledged showcase on *Froggie* and makes a stridingly rag-tinged masterpiece of it. The only real drag in this set is the almost invariable stickiness of the lyrics that Teagarden chooses to sing. His singing helps them, of course, but there must be some songs he likes that have lyrics on a slightly higher level. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie-Stan Getz

A HANDFUL OF MODERN JAZZ—CHARLIE PARKER, DIZZY GILLESPIE, MILES DAVIS—Baronet 105: *Hallelujah*; *Slam Slam Blues*; *Confirmation*; *Diggin' for Diz*; *Dynamo*; *'Round About Midnight*; *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*; *Congo Blues*; *Get Happy*; *Moose the Monche*; *Yardbird Suite*; *Ornithology*; *Night in Tunisia*; *Crazeology*.

Personnel: Tracks 1,2,8,9—Parker, alto saxophone; Gillespie, trumpet; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; Specs Powell or J. C. Heard, drums. Tracks 3,7—Gillespie; Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Al Haig, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Stan Levey, drums. Tracks 10-13—Parker; Thompson; Miles Davis, trumpet; Arv Garrison, guitar; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Vic McMillan, bass; Roy Porter, drums. Track 14—Parker; Davis; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Duke Jordan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, drums.

Ratings: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

THE EARLY BIRD—Baronet 107: *Dewey Square*; *The Hymn*; *Scapple from the Apple*; *Bongo Boop*; *Bird Feathers*; *Klactovedsedstene*; *Out of Nowhere*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Dexterity*; *Bird of Paradise*; *Bongo Boop*; *Cool Blues*; *Hot Blues*; *Bird's Nest*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-11—Parker, alto saxophone; Miles Davis, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, drums. Track 4—add J. J. Johnson, trombone. Tracks 12-14—Parker; Erroll Garner, piano; Red Callender, bass; Harold (Doc) West, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PAIR OF KINGS—STAN GETZ AND HORACE SILVER—Baronet 102: *Yvette*; *Wildwood*; *Melody Express*; *Penny*; *Potter's Luck*; *Split Kick*; *Rubberneck*; *Mosquito Knees*; *Sweetie Pie*; *Hershey Bar*; *Tootsie Roll*; *For Stompers Only*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3, 5—Getz, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Silver, piano; Tommy Potter or Leonard Gaskin, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Tracks 4, 6, 11, 12—Raney out; Joe Calloway, bass; Walter Bolden, drums. Tracks 7, 8—Getz; Raney; Al Haig, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Tiny Kahn, drums. Tracks 9, 10—Getz; Haig; Potter; Haynes.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

In a way, the first two LPs defy ratings. They are an important part of jazz history and should be in the collection of anyone who considers himself a jazz listener.

The four tracks with Norvo were originally recorded under his name on 12-inch 78s in June, 1945, for the Comet label. The rest of the Parkers and Gillespies were done on 10-inch 78s for Dial. (These two defunct companies are not to be confused with kitchen cleansers or soaps.) Most of them were later issued on Dial in 10- or 12-inch LP form, and, subsequently, when Dial went out of business, Jazztone released them on 12-inch LPs. The Baronets, which are sold at bargain rates in the drugstores

and supermarkets, are the Jazztones with a new label and new front covers. The inadequate and/or inaccurate personnels, wrong titles and uninformative (insofar as the actual music is concerned) notes are carried over from the Jazztones.

On *A Handful of Modern Jazz*, the tunes *Confirmation* and *Diggin' for Diz* are labeled in reverse order. *Crazeology* is wrongly called *Move* and *Congo Blues*, *Bird's Blues*.

The successful meeting of divers styles involving Norvo, Wilson, and Phillips with Parker and Gillespie should have proved to critics at that time where the roots of the "new" music lay.

Parker's ability with the blues is powerfully portrayed in his *Slam Slam* solo, a forerunner of *Parker's Mood*. Over-all, it was an inspired session, typifying a time when musicians used to get together and play for their own enjoyment after the gig. Listening in retrospect always makes things apparent that were not so obvious at the time. The passage of time also reveals true worth.

The Gillespie tracks are from a West Coast session of February, 1946.

Gillespie's solos continue to be provocative, undated statements. This, plus Thompson's strong, Byas-grooved work, and Haig's finely timed, melodic playing offset Jackson's clanky set and an underrecorded Brown.

There are a couple of disturbing instances, such as the abrupt shift from the end of Gillespie's chorus on *Dynamo* (*Dynamo A* on the Dial 78, also known as *Dizzy Atmosphere*) into the out chorus. In the process, Haig's solo is eliminated. A piece is also chopped out at the beginning of *Midnight* in a rather obvious, annoying, and unnecessary manner. *Dream* (originally titled simply *When I Grow Too Old To* on the old Dial side) includes a vocal by a group that was billed as "The Three Angels" to Dizzy's "Gabriel" on the 1946 issue. They are not credited here, but you can pick out Gillespie. This is the weakest spot in the album despite a nice interlude by Thompson and a punching Gillespie ending.

The Parker septet was recorded almost two months after the Gillespie sides. The latter had returned to New York, and Parker remained on the West Coast. The four songs have become part of the jazz library at large, and in addition to Parker, there are glances at incipient talents like Davis, Marmarosa, and Garrison.

Garrison, who died last year, was a victim of epilepsy, which hampered his career through the '50s; Marmarosa, a brilliant pianist, sank into obscurity but was active in Chicago recently; Davis, of course, fulfilled his early promise to become one of the greats. Parker is mellower here than he was later on, except for the fantastic break and driving solo on *Tunisia*. The relaxed flow on *Yardbird* and *Ornithology* shows his link to Lester Young in spirit if not in exact style.

Parker employs a harder attack on *Crazeology* (written by trumpeter Benny Harris, who also wrote *Ornithology*). This track is from a December, 1947, session in

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CAL TJADER

By LEONARD FEATHER

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



The Records

1. Benny Golson. *Swing It* (from *Take a Number from 1 to 10*, Argo). Golson, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Tommy Williams, bass; Albert Heath, drums; Freddy Hubbard, trumpet.

I'm a little confused. The only person on the record I'm fairly sure of is Wynton Kelly on piano, and I think he's possibly playing with Paul Chambers and Jimmy Cobb. The tenor sounds a little like Don Byas, whom I haven't heard in a number of years . . . or Hank Mobley? The trumpet player could be Lee Morgan. The rhythm section was very good. None of the soloists was outstanding, but Wynton Kelly is one of my favorite pianists; I like the way he feeds, especially in the rhythm section. I liked the trumpet a little better than the tenor, who was too busy. After getting used to hearing Coltrane . . . in the beginning I wasn't too fond of him, but in the last two years, I've come to really appreciate him. Four stars.

2. Roy Harte-Milt Holland. *Misty* (from *Perfect Percussion*, World-Pacific). Harte, Holland, many percussion instruments and special effects; Buddy Montgomery, vibraharp; Richie Crabbtree, piano.

I don't know, could that be Milt Jackson with the Martin Denny Group? It sounded like Milt on vibes, but that couldn't have been Denny on piano although they have added some of his instruments on this date.

Of course, the tune is *Misty* by Erroll Garner. It's got a nice mood for the first eight or 12 bars. I'm inclined to think all that extra sound effects, with the scratcher and all, distracts a little bit.

I'm at a loss to know what the group is, but I know one thing: I wouldn't want to be band boy on this date. Four stars.

3. George Shearing. *Senor Blues* (from *In the Night*, Capitol). Shearing, piano; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Armando Peraza, bongos, conga; Horace Silver, composer.

I recognized the tune as that 6/8 thing written by Horace Silver, called *Senor Blues*. I'm not sure of the group or the vibist. He played with no vibrato, which kind

of confuses me. It might be Emil Richards, who has been doing quite a lot of Latin jazz recording around Los Angeles.

The conga drummer might be Armando Peraza; I don't think it's Mongo from our group. It had a pretty fair groove, but it got a little loggy about halfway through. It started off in a nice mood. Then I would have liked to hear some more solos from the vibes and piano.

I have some pretty definite ideas on when to mix jazz with Latin and when not to. In our own case, I've always tried to maintain the jazz feeling separate from the Latin. To me, on a jazz record, having a conga drummer or a bongo player sit in and play a jazz beat really gets in the way. If there's a Latin mood, then be sympathetic to the Latin rhythm. In this case, and with these things in 6/8, where there is a Latin feeling, I don't think the bongos and conga mix too well. Three stars.

4. Coleman Hawkins. *Shadows* (from *The Hawk Swings*, Crown). Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Eddie Costa, piano, vibraharp; Thad Jones, trumpet.

I'm quite unsure of the group. I've never heard the vibist. I'm sure. I wonder if it's the late Lem Winchester . . . I know his vibrato's quite fast. He's possibly from the young, modern school. Milt Jackson really influenced all the vibists for tone. He's got a tone kind of like Hamp. The tenor saxophonist sounds like he came from the Coleman Hawkins school.

The record has some good moments. I don't recognize the tune, so it must be an original. It was too long . . . got monotonous about halfway through. They were playing twos and fours together, and they didn't seem to know whether they were going to double up or not.

The technical approach of that little bit of trumpet was very nice. Reminded me of Clifford Brown for a minute, but I don't know who it was. Two stars.

5. Berklee School of Music Orchestra. *Silhouette* (from *Jazz in the Classroom*, Vol. 1, Berklee). Herb Pomeroy, conductor; Roger Delillo, bass trumpet; Toshiko Mariano, composer, arranger.

I'm mystified by the band. I thought

first it might be Woody Herman . . . then Gerry Mulligan . . . Sounded a little like Cy Touff on bass trumpet in the beginning. Nice mood, nice writing. Four stars.

6. Modern Jazz Quartet. *Vendome* (from *European Concert*, Atlantic). John Lewis, piano, composer; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

This I'm sure of. That's the Modern Jazz Quartet with John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay. Milt's wonderful. I couldn't really say enough great things about this group. This is one of John's early compositions from the *European Concert* album . . .

John has always been one of my favorite pianists—not only in his solo work but also in his feeding. Every pianist coming up, studying jazz, should listen a great deal to John Lewis and to Basie, because absence is as important as presence, feeding in a group. I feel very strongly about this. I'd give this five.

7. Victor Feldman. *Poinciana* (from *Latinville*, Contemporary). Feldman, vibraharp; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; Stan Levey, drums; Willie Bobo, timbales; Mongo Santamaria, conga; Armando Peraza, bongos; Scott LaFaro, bass.

That's Willie Bobo on drums, and I believe Richie Kamuca and Conte Candoli were on the date, with Victor Feldman—a marvelous pianist and vibist. The groove was very good.

I think there was a jazz drummer on the date, too; there was a little hassel in the rhythm section, and I don't think the jazz drummer was needed. I think that's Al McKibbon on bass. Three stars.

8. Maynard Ferguson. *Olé* (from *Maynard '61*, Roulette). Slide Hampton, composer, arranger.

Olé! Well, I've never heard this, but I imagine it's Maynard Ferguson. The arrangement was very clean and well executed. I'm always amazed at Maynard's technique. I think it accomplished what it set out to do in that emotional idiom, though it isn't something I'd listen to often.

Reminded me a bit of the old Les Brown on some of their production numbers. Three stars.



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THE HOT BOX FREDDY WEBSTER

PART 1

By **GEORGE HOFFER**

During discussions among musicians about the incubation period of modern jazz, the name of trumpeter Freddy Webster frequently comes up.

Leonard Feather has written about the get-togethers in Dizzy Gillespie's apartment or the Dewey Square Hotel in Harlem in 1941-42 when Gillespie, pianist Bud Powell, trumpeter Benny Harris, and Webster, among others, would sit for hours talking and playing.

Yet Webster, who died in 1947, is little known today except in the memories of musicians. There is precious little on record and even less in the way of written reference material pertaining to Webster.

Webster is frequently mentioned as being an important influence on Miles Davis. When Webster died, Davis spoke rapturously of Webster's command of his instrument, his tone, and his capacity to do exactly what he wanted to do as an instrumentalist and an arranger.

Arranger Tadd Dameron, who was brought up with Webster in Cleveland, Ohio, has always credited the trumpeter with being responsible for the encouragement and tutelage that started him on his career. Dameron said of Webster, "He was the closest trumpet player to what I want. He tried everything and did so well at what he tried. He could have been one of the greatest men in jazz."

One of the few, and possibly the only complete evaluation of Webster's trumpeting by a jazz critic, came under rather dramatic circumstances, looking at it in retrospect.

The setting was New York's Savoy Ballroom, and the time was a night in February, 1942. There were two bands. Alternating with the house band—Lucky Millinder's featuring Webster on trumpet—was the newly arrived Jay McShann Band from Kansas City with alto saxophonist Charlie Parker.

Jazz writer Barry Ulanov went there to do a review. He chose Millinder's band, devoting more than half his review to Webster. It must be remembered that Parker's status at that time bore a close resemblance to Ornette Coleman's today.

Ulanov wrote, "Webster is a real find. He plays with a wonderful sense of structure giving all his choruses and half-choruses a discernible beginning, middle, and ending. His favorite range is a low register projected with bold-

ness and deepness. He doesn't restrict himself to low notes but makes long scoops from the middle and high registers to the bottom and then sails back up. He plays with an easy technique in perfect taste."

Webster was born in 1917 in Cleveland. He made his musical debut in the Central High School band of that city. Immediately after graduation he formed his own 14-piece band, which toured the northern Ohio area in 1938-39. The pianist with this band was Dameron.

Webster was reported to have joined Earl Hines in Chicago in late 1939 or early 1940. Apparently he didn't stay long because he was in New York City during the fall of 1940, when he was reported set to join Benny Carter's band along with trumpeter Bobby Williams, trombonist Madison Vaughan, and saxophonists George Irish and George James.

In June, 1941, Webster went to Los Angeles to replace Harris in Earl Hines' trumpet section. There was a Bluebird recording date in Hollywood on Aug. 20. The trumpeters were Webster, Tommy Enoch, Harry Jackson, and George Dixon. There were six sides made, including the Eddie Durham original *Swingin' on C*, plus *Water Boy*, *It Had to Be You*, *Yellow Fire*, *Straight to Love*, and Buster Harding's *Windy City Jive*. Webster did not distinguish himself on the date.

On the next Hines record date in October, 1941, Webster had been replaced by Chicagoan Jesse Miller. Webster then was back in New York with Millinder. Three records were made in November shortly after Webster returned to the band. They are cited as being among the only sides where Webster's work is clearly discernible. He recorded again with Millinder on Feb. 18, 1942, but the sides were highly commercial; two were wartime novelties: *Slap the Dirty Jap* and *Fightin' Doug MacArthur*.

It was at the time of the above record date that Ulanov heard Webster at the Savoy. A February, 1942, *Down Beat* mentioned, "Webster with Millinder at the Savoy takes the bulk of the hot choruses. He has a colossal tone—big, broad, and sure—and is a stand-out in the band." On Monday nights Webster was a regular at Harry Lim's jam sessions held at the Village Vanguard.

During April, 1942, the Jimmie Lunceford Band cleaned house by firing six men. Webster switched to the Lunceford trumpet section replacing Snookie Young, and the band headed west. Webster recorded with them on the coast in June and July.

(To be continued)

Roy Haynes

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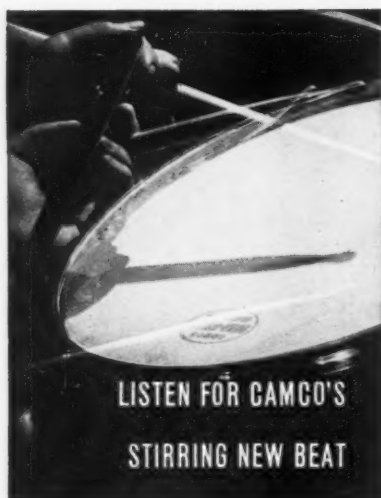
Roy Haynes is a man who needs no introduction to the modern drummer. His master touch assisted such great performers of modern jazz as Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan, Stan Getz and the late Charlie (Bird) Parker, just to name a few. He now fronts his own fascinating trio. Roy's new album is heard on the Prestige Label, entitled "We three". Presently he is working many jazz clubs through-out the country. Roy's closest companion is his "Gold Veiled Ebony" SLINGERLAND DRUMS. Your SLINGERLAND Dealer will be glad to show you the vast selection of Pearl finishes that only SLINGERLAND offers.

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BLUES FELL THIS MORNING,
by Paul Oliver; foreword by Richard
Wright. Published by Horizon Press,
375 pp., \$4.95.

Coming as it does at the time of a great wave of renewed interest, critical and popular, in the blues, this U.S. edition of British blues authority Oliver's study of "the meaning and content of the blues" is especially welcome.

The book was originally published by the London firm of Cassell & Co. more than a year and a half ago, which is rather a pointed commentary on this country's lack of interest in native U.S. musical forms. Parenthetically, of the four works published so far dealing significantly with the blues, three are the products of European scholarship.

Oliver's book, with its wealth of fascinating detail and information, is an extremely valuable and interesting work. It has as its basic purpose an examination of the blues as a reflection of the complex social condition of the U.S. Negro, as a vehicle for the expression—conscious or otherwise—of the entire life experience of the American Negro.

To this end, Oliver has provided a grouping of 350 transcriptions of recorded blues that illustrate, to varied degrees, the truly astonishing multi-formity of the blues—that is, the blues' ability to serve as an informal historical and sociological barometer of the Negro's role in U.S. society. The book largely succeeds.

There are several facts to be borne in mind, however, with such an approach. The "sinful" blues give a peculiarly one-sided picture of the Negro. Because of the exceedingly sharp dichotomy between sacred and secular forms in Negro music, the performer of one rarely performing the other, the use of the blues alone as an index of the total Negro life experience is to disregard entirely the spiritual, nonmaterialistic aspect of his strivings, most adequately mirrored in religious music.

Moreover, though it is true that the blues song might accurately reflect the attitudes and situations of the majority

of Negroes, it takes no cognizance of the role of the militant Negro minority: its leaders, professional men, intellectuals, clergy, and such. Oliver comments on this briefly in his concluding chapter, a particularly illuminating discussion and easily the most brilliant in the book, but by this time the damage has been done.

Oliver's basic assumption is correct: the blues *do* reflect the social condition and milieu of their creators, but just how far one ought to generalize from one blues recording is a matter for serious consideration and also for one more fully versed in sociology than Oliver.

For the most part, however, his history is sound—though his interpretations of blues lyrics in some cases seem oddly at variance with what is very explicitly stated. Often he has yielded to the temptation to see hidden meaning where none in fact is contained.

The book is greatly romanticized, but this is easily understood, considering the distance from which Oliver writes. (But then a romance charge can be leveled at Sam Charters' *The Country Blues*, also.)

It is very easy to be partisan, though, and extremely difficult to be wholly objective about a music that places such a high premium on the individual. In this respect, one thing to which I strongly objected in this book was its de-emphasis of the role of the individual in the creation of the blues—none of the blues quoted in the text are identified as to their creator or performer. To follow the transcription with the artist's name would have—I suppose Oliver reasoned thus—destroyed the narrative flow and the basic premise of the book by placing an undue emphasis on the individual. Although a chart at the conclusion of the book gives all information on the transcriptions, I found it annoying to have to turn continually to the back of the book for this information—and this, if anything, destroyed even further the continuity.

Perhaps the most serious objection to the book, however, lies in its chronological ambiguity.

It is exceedingly difficult throughout to determine whether the author is discussing a present-day phenomenon or a situation that existed two decades ago and no longer exerts any influence on the blues. This might be traceable to the author's lack of familiarity with the events, places, and conditions he describes.

This curious shifting back and forth between past and present could lead to some serious misinterpretations, and wrong emphases, if not wrong conclusions. And the postwar blues—the blues of the last 15 years—are almost

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totally glossed over. One feels this is done because they do not jibe with Oliver's scheme or conclusions. This is a serious omission, for only a handful of the 350 transcriptions date from the years after 1945.

If I have seemed unduly harsh in my remarks on this book, it is because I feel so strongly about its potential. It is a magnificent study, and Oliver is to be commended in having brought so much disparate material together. It is the fruit of a fantastic scholarship. Yet with closer attention to detail, it might have been even better. As it stands, it is an essential component of any serious library of writings on jazz or American folk music. And it's beautifully, feelingly written, too.

—Pete Welding

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MUSIC IN AMERICA, edited by Paul Henry Lang. Published by G. Schirmer, Inc., 17 articles, 322 pages. \$6.95.

It seems incredible, but here we have the case of a scholarly music publishing house, Schirmer, going to the expense and bother of putting together a survey of 100 years of American music in honor of the firm's centenary, and failing to append an index. The sad result is that what could have been a useful quick reference book becomes only a readable collection of essays, some excellent and others superficial. Once read

AD LIB from page 10

booked for "an indefinite amount of weeks," at the Opera, the major house of the Lococo circuit in Buenos Aires, Argentina . . . A dance work, *Moments Women Know*, set to Tony Scott's music, was presented as one of a weekly series of concerts held in the New York studio of Charles Weidman and Mikhail Santaro. The Raymond Sawyer company danced . . . Cooper Union presented a full Teo Macero concert early in November, including some of his earlier works. Macero played with and conducted groups that included Art Farmer, trumpet; Eddie Bert, trombone; Teddy Charles, vibes; Don Butterfield, tuba; Ed Shaughnessy, drums . . . The Booker Little benefit concert was postponed from an earlier date and held on Nov. 13 . . . Carl Haverlin, president of Broadcast Music, Inc., has been named to direct a national fund-raising drive for the U. S. Music Center, to be built in a Virginia suburb of Washington, D. C. . . Arnold (Red) McGarvey, veteran guitarist, died Oct. 16 of a heart attack at his home in Windsor, Ontario. McGarvey recorded on Brunswick with the first Red Norvo Band, replacing Dave Barbours, and with Bob Chester in Chester's Victor-Bluebird orchestra.

it will be put away to catch dust on the shelf.

Many of the 17 authors are respected musicologists, such as editor Lang, who also edits Schirmer's publication *Musical Quarterly*. Within the confining limits of 322 pages, the contributors do a fairly objective job.

But what is the use of an article that purports to trace "The Evolution of the American Composer" in 8½ pages? Nathan Broder has to try to convey the importance of Charles Ives in 11 lines and to wrap up both Elliott Carter and Leon Kirchner in eight. Helen Thompson's statistics on American orchestras make for interesting browsing, and there are lively pieces by Nicolas Slonimsky ("The Plush Era in American Concert Life") and Philip L. Miller ("Opera, the Story of an Immigrant").

Most valuable, however, are those articles that get down to business, such as Robert Stevenson's well-documented "Church Music," and Robert J. Burton's "Copyright and the Creative Arts." Arnold Shaw makes a brave stab at covering "Popular Music from Minstrel Songs to Rock 'n' Roll" in 28 pages. Richard P. French's "The Dilemma of the Music Publishing Industry" goes to the heart of many a problem, and does so with unexpected felicity and an unparochial viewpoint.

All very well, Schirmer, but where is that index? —Don Henahan

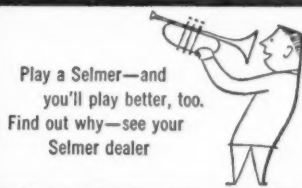
Jazz is being seen increasingly on the interview television programs. *PM East/PM West*, certainly tops most of these in jazz presentations. *Look Up and Live* turned again to jazz this month, combining Jimmy Giuffre's clarinet improvisations and Tony Schwartz' recorded sounds of life, to present a program concerned with the loneliness in human life . . . There is some chance that Ray McKinley may have a television program of his own, rather than just being a summer replacement . . . Mahalia Jackson is taping 78 five-minute television shows titled *Mahalia Jackson Sings* . . . Pete Rugolo is the music director of the TV comedy series *Ichabod and Me* . . . Radio Station WPFM in Providence, R.I., is celebrating its seventh year of modern jazz broadcasting. Much of the excellence continues to result from the work of disc jockeys Jim Mendes and Carl Henry.

Max Gordon will produce for Broadway the Gerry Mulligan-Judy Holliday musical based on Anita Loos' *Happy Birthday*. Mulligan wrote the music, Miss Holliday the lyrics. She will star . . . Nelson Riddle has completed the score for *Will*, a musical based on the life of Will Rogers . . . Al Hirt has been signed by Warner Bros. for a film, *Lovers Must Learn* . . . MGM

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will film a biography of the late coun-
try-and-western singer **Hank Williams**.
It appears now as if **Elvis Presley** will
play the lead.

Those concerned about two tracks
out of the 64 comprising Columbia's
The Fletcher Henderson Story, should
know that those faulty tracks exist only
on the initial pressing of 1,200 albums,
already sold out. They have now been
corrected . . . **Milt Jackson**, **Gil Evans**,
and **Bill Evans** all have signed with
Verve . . . The **Stan Kenton A Merry**
Christmas Capitol album is now out,
with arrangements of well-known holi-
day songs by a Baptist minister, the
Rev. Ralph Carmichael . . . A new
record label has debuted: Jazzline, and
its first album, *Bash!*, is by drummer
Dave Bailey with **Kenny Dorham**,
trumpet; **Curtis Fuller**, trombone;
Frank Haynes, tenor saxophone; **Tom-**
my Flanagan, piano; **Ben Tucker**, bass.

NEW ORLEANS

The Playboy Club has given a real
boost to jazz here. Three house bands
appear nightly, including **Al Belletto's**
Quartet, the **Ellis Marsalis Trio**, and the
Cooper Twins' Dixieland Band. The
Belletto group features **Eddie Feneasi**,
piano; **Jay Cave**, bass; **Charlie Blaneq**,
drums, and will soon be augmented by
ex-Woody Herman trombonist **Roger**
DeLillo and an as yet undetermined
trumpet man. Marsalis' trio is paced
by drummer **James Black**, while the
Cooper Twins' band is composed of
sidemen from several established Dixie
crews. In addition, the club will import
name talent.

WWL's **Dick Martin**, whose *Moon-*
glow with Martin show was virtually an
institution among late-hour jazz listen-
ers, has retired from radio to become
regional director for Dot records . . .
The **Dukes of Dixieland** are signed for
a February engagement at the Roose-
velt Hotel's Blue Room . . . **George**
Lewis went to France for a two-month
tour . . . Add **Paul Barbarin**, **Jim Rob-**
inson, **Punch Miller**, and **Henry Casimir**
to the list of traditionalists appearing
at Preservation Hall . . . **Al Hirt** and
Pete Fountain have swapped bassists.
Oliver Felix has joined the Fountain
combo, while **Lowell Miller** has moved
into Hirt's group . . . Drummer **Earl**
Cobble returned to the Crescent City
for a brief vacation after playing sev-
eral months with **Barry Harris** but
whisked out again to join **Mose Alli-**
son's group in New York . . . **Dom-**
inic's Dauphine St. Jazz Room has
undergone a thorough remodeling and
will open with a jazz-on-weekends
policy soon.

John Boudreaux is drumming with
Nat Perrilliat's pianoless trio at
Cosimo's. **Richard Payne** remains on

Armstrong

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bass... The New Orleans Jazz Club sponsored a mammoth benefit for trumpeter **Tony Almerico** last month. Among the dozen or so bands that offered their services for the ailing trumpeter-promoter were **Santo Pecora**, **Leon Prima**, **Murphy Campo**, **Armand Hug**, **Mike Lala**, and the **Last Straws**.

DETROIT

The **Fenby-Carr Orchestra** is in its 15th year of togetherness. It's added an **Evolution of Jazz** act to the arrangements... **Jackie Hyde** has replaced **Hal McKinney** as music director of the 20 Grand's Monday night workshop sessions. Drummer Hyde has a record date with **Prestige** which **Benny Robles** will produce... Another good jazz room bit the dust. The **Empire** closed its doors early in October... **Ray Charles** headlined a show at the **Fox Theater**, featuring **Gloria Lynne**. This was the first time the **Fox** stage had been used in several years... **Leo Cheslak** is handling Detroit bookings for **Paul Bryant** and **Claude Williamson**.

Danny Stevenson's stint at **Trent's** has been successful. The trio features **Stevenson**, piano; **Paul Vallerina**, drums; **Danny Pliskow**, bass... Altoist **Charles Lloyd** passed through town and visited one of the 20 Grand workshop sessions and caught **Bobby Timmons** at the **Minor Key**. He was on his way to a **Kansas City** gig with **Chico Hamilton**... Drummer **Art Mardigan** was hospitalized for three weeks. **Don DeGrazia** replaced him in **George Primo's** band at the **Roostertail**... **Gene Kinny** presented singer **Teri Thornton** in concert recently.

CHICAGO

The shaky **Sutherland** scene seems to be settling down. **Joe Williams** and **Harry Edison** were set to open the club this month. The **Jimmy Smith Trio** and **Horace Silver's** group are scheduled to follow... Birdhouse, always on the lookout for new twists, played host to members of the **Chicago Sun-Times Fun Club**. The members attend various sporting and entertainment events around town. At Birdhouse they heard the new and revitalized **Jazz Messengers** in a Sunday afternoon concert.

Tenorist **Dexter Gordon**, after leaving **McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge**, played two weekends with the **John Wright Trio** at **Fifth Jacks**. Gordon, who impressed many listeners with the excellence of his playing during his **Chicago** stay, also worked the first of **Joe Segal's** Sunday afternoon sessions at **Basin Street**... Meanwhile, at **McKie's**, **Sonny Stitt** added his alto and tenor saxophones to the trombone of **Benny Green** and the tenor of **Gene Ammons**. The group is in residence till

after the first of the year.

Trombonist **Vic Dickenson** and clarinetist **Buster Bailey** were the other members of the front line during **Wild Bill Davison's** sojourn at **Basin Street**. When the **Wild One** left for **St. Louis**, he took young **Chicago** clarinetist **Bobby Gordon** as temporary replacement for **Bailey**. **Gordon** has been playing the nights off at **Basin St.**

Sam Donohue, leading the new **Tommy Dorsey Orchestra**, played a one nighter at **Club Laurel** recently... **Donohue's** former boss, **Stan Kenton**, was featured at the **Sun-Times** annual **Harvest Moon Festival**... The **Pershing Lounge** closed again. **Paul Serrano's** quintet, featuring altoist **Bunky Green**, had been the attraction... The premiere run of **Oscar Brown Jr.'s Kicks & Co.** bombed mightily. The musical closed after a very short **Chicago** run.

The **Art Center** of **Park Forest**, a **Chicago** suburb, presented the **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet** and the **Ira Sullivan Quartet** in a Sunday afternoon concert recently. It was the first jazz venture for the art center and the first time modern jazz had been heard in concert form in the southwest village... **Sullivan** also played a **Hammond (Ind.)** high school assembly program the morning before **Thanksgiving**. The **Jazz in the Schools** movement grows!

LOS ANGELES

Crack lead trumpet man **Joe Triscari**, veteran of the **Gene Krupa Band** and other top jazz crews of the 1940s, died of a heart attack Oct. 13 in his home here while preparing to leave for a studio call. He was 46. **Triscari**, brother of trumpeter **Ray**, was interred at **San Fernando Mission** near the grave of **Don Paladino**, a fellow trumpet man who died of cancer two years ago.

Altoist **Herb Geller** is reportedly emigrating to **Stockholm, Sweden**... Singer **Helen Humes** headlines a folk-blues tour of Europe beginning Jan. 7. The tour, promoted by German hotelier **Horst Lippmann**, also includes **Muddy Waters**, **John Lee Hooker**, **Memphis Slim**, **Sunnyland Slim**, and **Shaky Jake** and will run into the first week of February... **Jeri Southern** takes off for **Germany** Dec. 1 for a 10-day tour promoted by Britain's **Vic Lewis**... Drummer **Jerry McKenzie**, formerly with the bands of **Les Brown**, **Ray Anthony** and **Stan Kenton**, joined **Si Zentner** for his current **Roosevelt Grill** stand in **New York**. **Jerry** is not to be confused with his namesake, **Jerry (Lestock) McKenzie**, who is now with the **Kenton** band... **AFM Local 47** donated \$500 to pay the musicians who performed Nov. 2 at a benefit organized by the **American Federation of Television and Radio Artists**...

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June Christy won't be back from Japan
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shows at U.S. military camps.

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promotions a cash bond must be posted
in full." This is the edict of Local 47,
and it puts a final roadblock in the
path of fly-by-night concert promoters,
who, in the past, have gambled and
lost with musicians as the stakes. In
the future, according to Local 47 pres-
ident **John Tranchitella**, when such jazz

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area
of jazz performers, where and when they
are appearing. The listing is subject to
change without notice. Send information
to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago
6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: *hb*—house band; *tfn*—till
further notice; *unk*—unknown at press
time; *wknds*—weekends.

NEW YORK

African Carnival: **Johnny Nash**, 11/24. Cannonball
Adderley, **Dick Gregory**, 11/25. **Diahann Car-
roll**, **Oscar Brown Jr.**, 11/26.
Basin Street East: **Peggy Lee**, **Quincy Jones**, to
12/2.
Birdland: **Maynard Ferguson**, **Junior Mance**, to
12/6. **Count Basie**, 12/7-1/3.
Condon's: **Pee Wee Russell**, **Ruby Braff**, **Buzzy
Drootin**, **Marshall Brown**, **Eddie Condon**, *tfn*.
Count Basie's: **Joe Bucci**, *tfn*.
Ember's: **Harold Quinn** to 12/4. **Joe Bushkin**,
12/4-12/14.
Five Spot: **Walt Dickerson**, *tfn*.
Half Note: **Toshiko Mariano** to 11/26. **Herbie
Mann**, 11/28-12/12. **Clark Terry**, **Bobby Brook-
meyer**, *wknds*.
Hickory House: **Don Shirley**, *tfn*.
Jazz Gallery: **Sonny Rollins**, **Jazztet**, *tfn*.
Metropole: **Gene Krupa** to 11/26. **Lionel Hamp-
ton**, 11/27-12/12.
Nick's: **Johnny Windurst**, *tfn*.
Noble's Place: **Harold Austin**, **Joan Shaw**, *tfn*.
Purple Manor: **George Braithwaite**, *tfn*.
Ryan's: **Wilbur DeParis**, **Don Fry**, *tfn*.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): **Billy Bauer**, *wknds*.
Village Gate: **Chris Connor** to 11/26. **Les McCann**,
Olafunji, **Miriam Makeba**, 11/27-12/31.
Village Vanguard: **Theonious Monk**, **Clara Ward
Gospel Singers**, to 12/3. **Carmen McRae** opens
12/5.
Wells: **Mary Lou Williams**, *tfn*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony Spair**, *hb*. **Peanuts
Hucko**, *Mon*.
Big Bill's: **Beryl Booker**, *tfn*.
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer**, *hb*.
Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): **Don McCargar**, 5,
wknds.
Latin Casino: **Ella Fitzgerald**, 1/2-10.
Open Hearth: **Don Michaelson-Ted Arnold**, *tfn*.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capital City**, 5, *wknds*.
Red Hill Inn: **Four Freshmen**, 12/8-10, 14-17.
Second Fret: folk artists.
Trade Winds: **Vince Montana**, *tfn*.
Underground: **Butch Ballard**, *hb*.
Woodland Inn: **Bernard Peiffer**, *tfn*.

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: **Nat Perilliat**, *wknds*.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *tfn*.
Dream Room: **Jack Teagarden** to 12/4. **Santo
Pecora**, *hb*.
Famous Door: **Sharkey Bonano**, **Murphy Campo**.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.
Joy Tavern: **Alvin Tyler**, *wknds*.
Lee Roy's: **Blanche Thomas**, **Dave Williams**, **Earl
Williams**, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Ellis Marsalis**, **Cooper
Twins**, *hbs*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Carpet: **Armand Hug**.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha**, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: **Peter Nero**, to 12/2.
Checker Bar-B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips**, after hours.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Duchess: **Bill Bodin Trio**, *tfn*.
52nd Show Bar: **Ronnie Phillips**, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.
Kevin House: **Bill Richards**, *tfn*.

concerts are to be held on short notice,
union business agents will be on hand
to collect salaries in advance.

Duke Ellington trumpeter **Ray
Nance**, arrested Feb. 9 for violation
of the Uniform Narcotic Drug Act of
the state of Nevada, began serving a
60-day jail sentence in Las Vegas' Paul
County jail Nov. 2. He had pleaded
guilty to the charge earlier. District
judge David Zenoff put Nance on two
years probation on completion of the
jail term.

Mermaid's Cave: **Eddie Bartel**, *tfn*.
Minor Key: **Ramsey Lewis** to 12/3. **Miles Davis**,
12/5-11.
Roostertail: **George Primo**, *hb*.
Stoney's: **Alex Kallio**, *tfn*.
Topper Lounge: **Bobby Laurel**, *tfn*.
Trent's: **Danny Stevenson**, *tfn*.
20 Grand: workshop sessions, *Mon*.
White's Elbow Room (Windsor): **Bourbon Street
Paraders**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Alhambra: **Ahmad Jamal**, *tfn*.
Basin Street: **Bud Freeman** to 12/20. **Salt City
Six**, 12/4-22. Sessions, *Sun*.
Birdhouse: *unk*.
Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey**, **Art Hodes**, *tfn*.
Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, **Clancy Hayes**, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, *Thurs*.
J. B.'s Grapevine: **Lee Lind**, *tfn*.
London House: **Jonah Jones** to 12/10. **Eddie Hig-
gins**, **Larry Novak**, *hbs*.
McKie's: **Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt** to 1/9.
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein**, **Dick Mar-
John Frigo**, *hbs*.
Pigalle: **Lurlean Hunter**, *tfn*.
Red Arrow: **Al Wynn**, *wknds*.
Sutherland: **Jimmy Smith** to 12/3. **Horace Silver**,
12/6-17. **Dizzy Gillespie**, 12/20-31.
Wonder Inn: **Jack DeJonette**, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Alexander Hotel: **Russ Morgan**, *hb*.
Ash Grove: **Martha Schlamme**, 11/8-12/24. **Brow-
nie McGhee-Sonny Terry**, **Mike McCellan**, 12/26
1/12. **Miriam Makeba**, **Rose Heredia**, 1/23-2/18.
Rachel Hadass opens 2/20. Children's concert,
Sat.
Beverly Cavern: **Kid Ory**, *tfn*.
Bit: various jazz groups.
Cascades (Belmont Shore, Long Beach): **Frank
Rosolino**, **Beverly Kelly**.
Coachman Steak House: **Edgar Hayes**, *tfn*.
Crescendo: **Mary Kaye**, **Norman Kaye**, **Frankie
Ross** open 11/22.
Gigolo (Pasadena): **Keith Shaw**, **Bob Molina**, **Gar-
Coleman**, **Dick Dorothy**, *tfn*.
Hollywood Palladium: **Lawrence Welk**, *hb*, *wknds*.
Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*.
Kismet Club: **Rick Fay**, **Indigos**, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Name groups,
Sun.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
P.P.'s: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*. **Joyce Collins**, *Tues*.
Porpoise Room (Marineland): **Red Nichols**, *tfn*.
Renaissance: **Charlie Mingus**, 11/28-12/10. **Les
McCann**, Jan. 1-30.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**,
Marvin Jenkins, **Bob Martin**, *tfn*. Sessions, *Mon*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, *wknds*. **Har-
old Land-Red Mitchell**, *Mon*. **Jack Sheldon**,
Tues. **Paul Horn**, *Wed*. **Barney Kessel**, *Thurs*.
Sheraton West: **Frankie Remley**, *tfn*.
Sherry's: **D. Vaughan Pershing**, *tfn*.
Summit: **Cal Tjader**, *Treniers*, 12/1-12/30. **Dizz
Gillespie** opens 1/3.
Zebra Lounge: **Nesbert Hooper**, **Jazz Crusaders**,
tfn.
23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Horace Silver** to 11/26. **Mongo
Santamaria**, 11/28-12/17.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, *tfn*.
Bop City: **Flip Nunes**, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Pat
Yankee**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Ella Fitzgerald** to 12/6. **Les
Paul-Mary Ford**, 12/7-27.
Gig: **Frank (Big Boy) Goudie**, *wknds*.
Jazz Workshop: **Charles Mingus** to 11/27. **Three
Sounds**, 11/28-12/10.
On the Levee: **Joe Sullivan**, *wknds*.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*.
Stereo Club: **Horace Benjamin**, *hb*.
Sugar Hill: **Lightnin' Hopkins** to 12/16. **Sonny
Terry-Brownie McGhee** open 12/18.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *tfn*.
Zack's (Sausalito): **Johnny True**, *wknds*.
Colonel's Ranch Wagon (Marin County): **Stash
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